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CAPTAIN
O'SHAUGHNESSY'S
Sporting Career.

The title is centered on the cover, surrounded by decorative floral corners and a central floral emblem. The entire cover is framed by a double-line border.



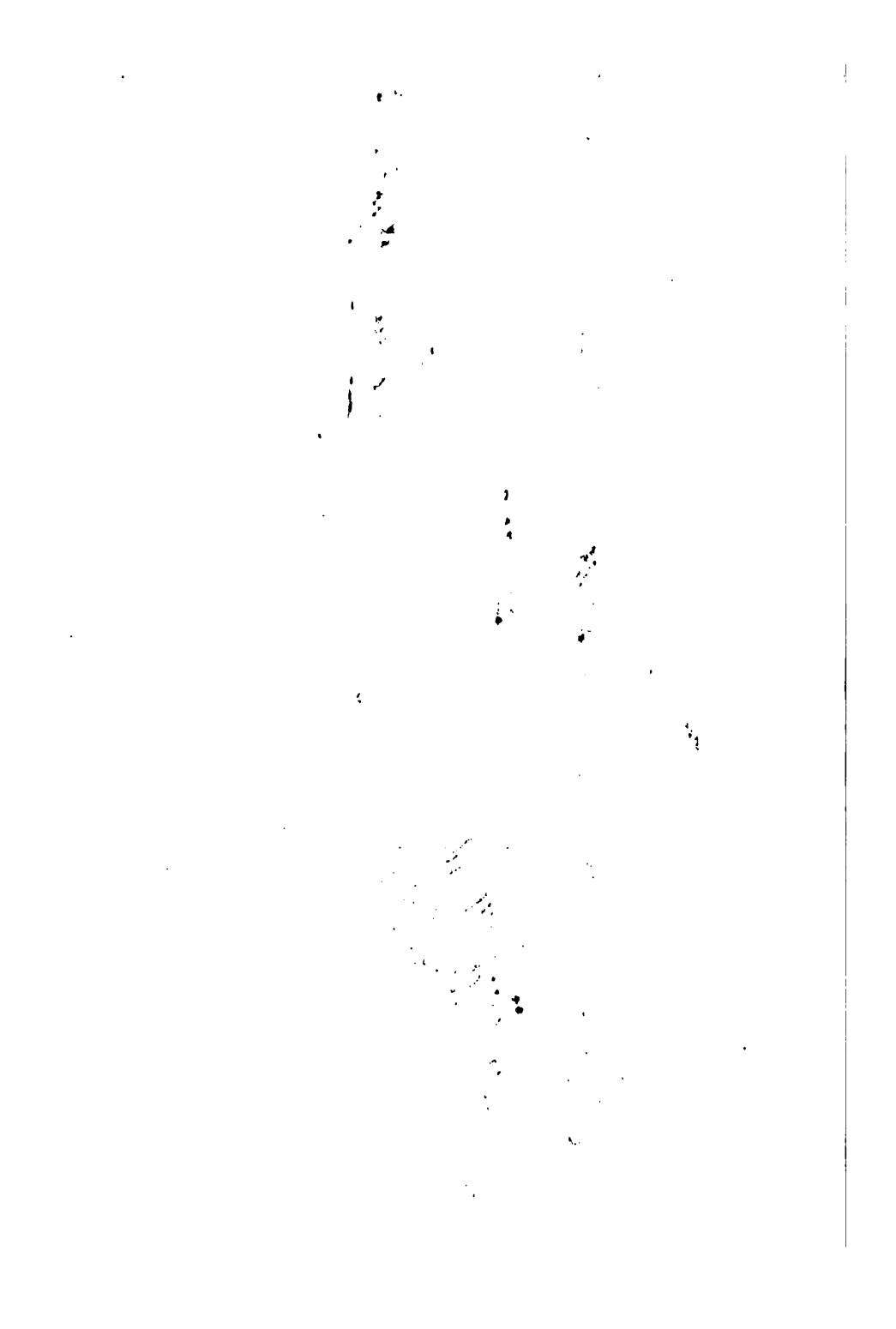
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**CAPTAIN O'SHAUGHNESSY'S
SPORTING CAREER.**



CAPTAIN O'SHAUGHNESSY'S SPORTING CAREER.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"Quorum pars magna fui."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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TO HER

WHO HAS SHARED THE JOYS,

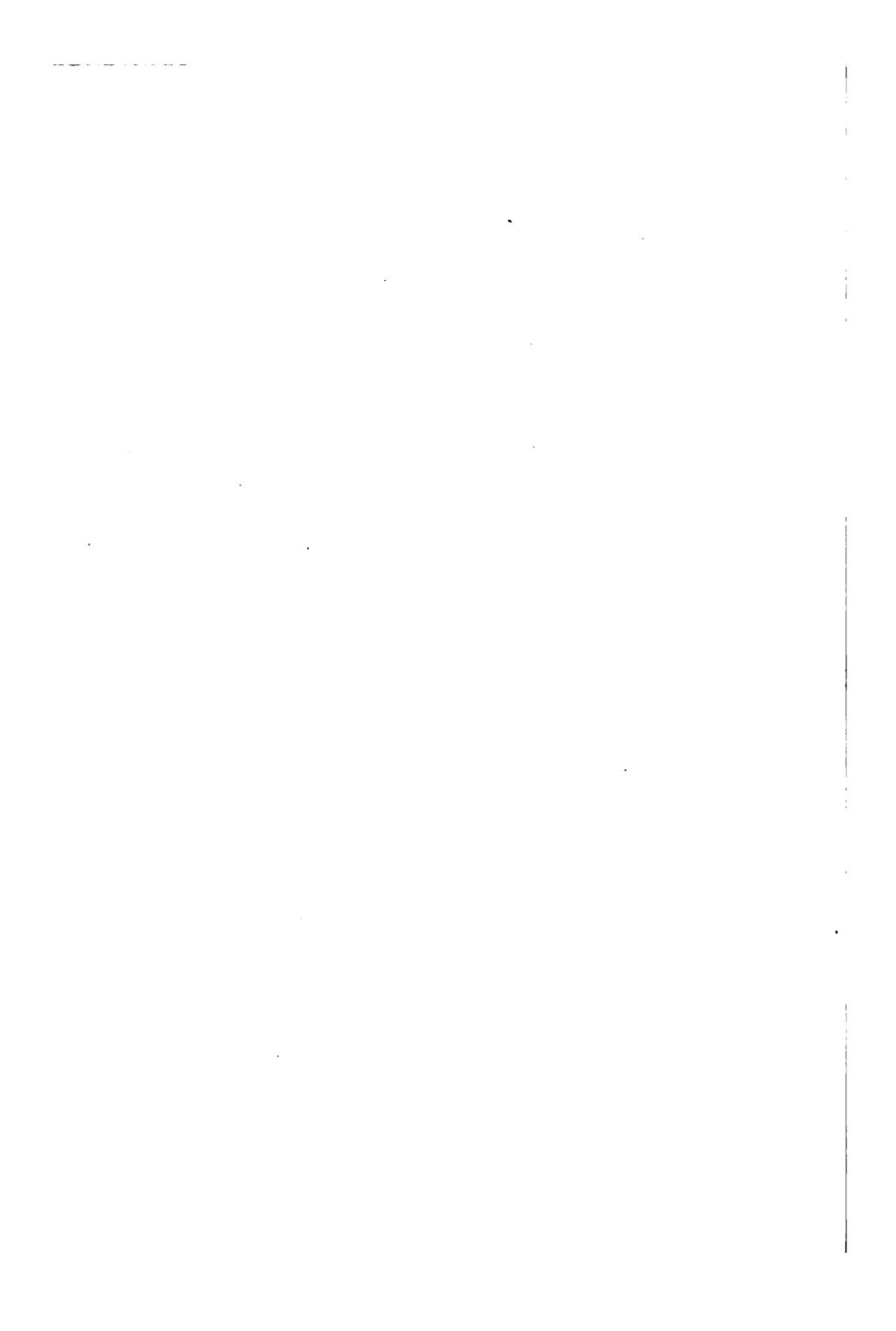
WHO HAS SOOTHED THE SORROWS,

WHO HAS PARTICIPATED IN MANY OF THE EVENTS
DESCRIBED IN THESE PAGES,

TO MY BELOVED WIFE,

I Dedicate

THIS WORK.



P R E F A C E.

VERY few words will suffice to explain all that may require explanation in "CAPTAIN O'SHAUGHNESSY'S SPORTING CAREER."

The original intention of the Captain was to confine his narrative wholly, and exclusively, to sporting events, and this is apparent from the earlier portion of the work now submitted to the reader; but the sad news from Italy, of the death of the famous Irish novelist, Charles Lever, caused a change in the Captain's plan. He then patriotically resolved to try and gain for his native district, the south of Ireland, that renown in the annals of Field Sports, which Lever and Maxwell have achieved for the west; this, he believed, might be best effected by a continuous tale. When at a loss for a hero, he modestly assumed the part himself, and, as Lever made Jack Hinton an Aide-de-Camp, the Captain attempted to play that character, trusting to his experience of the Vice-regal Court, and the state of society in the Irish

metropolis, to do so correctly. As many of his characters are drawn from life, and several of the incidents he has attempted to describe are founded upon facts, in case any of the illustrious and distinguished personages alluded to in his pages consider the Captain has referred to them with unbecoming freedom, he begs, very sincerely, to disclaim the most remote idea of having done so through any want of the most profound respect. In such cases he has thought it right to be correct as to facts, and allow, as far as the course of his story permitted, such high personages to speak for themselves.

As the object of this little book is simply to amuse and interest the reader, by presenting what the writer hopes will be regarded as an agreeable picture of Irish life, he sincerely trusts that "Captain O'Shaughnessy's Sporting Career" may not be cut short by a cold or chilling reception, which, to a man of the Captain's sensitive temperament, would be extremely disastrous.

CONTENTS
OF
THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

Ballyhooly Castle — Juvenile Days — My First Appearance as a Gentleman Jock	<small>PAGE</small> I
---	--------------------------

CHAPTER II.

Norah Whelan's Wedding	20
----------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

My Youthful Sports—Otter Hunting and Hawking	33
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

Salmon Fishing near Ballyhooly.	45
---	----

CHAPTER V.

Steeple-chase near our Dwelling—The Rakes of Mallow—Contest between Garryowen and the Rakes' Hunts	52
--	----

CHAPTER VI.

Continental Field Sports—The Wild Boar Hunt— The Eaglets—Chamois Hunting—Deer Hunt at Chantilly	<small>PAGE</small>
	65

CHAPTER VII.

I obtain my Ensigncy—My First Station—Nights at Mess	83
---	----

CHAPTER VIII.

Peninsular Reminiscences—The Battle of Busaco	95
---	----

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. and Mrs. McGrath's Dinner Party	108
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

A Long Voyage—Gibraltar—The Flying Dutch- man—A Catastrophe on board Ship	122
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

Our Landing—The Monsoon—Wild Sports in the East	138
--	-----

CHAPTER XII.

India—Places of Interest—Travelling—My First Tiger—The Rajah of Jheend and his Sports	152
--	-----

CONTENTS.

xi

CHAPTER XIII.

The Himalayas—Forest and Jungle—The Korah— Indian Horse Fair—Return to Ballyhooly Castle	<i>PAGE</i>
	164

CHAPTER XIV.

Home Again—Paddy and the Mare—A Hunting Breakfast—The Meet at Killura—A Big Leap	173
---	-----

CHAPTER XV.

My Visit to Glanville Castle—I am left an Orphan	190
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

A Visit of Condolence—Killevullen—The Viceroy's Letter—Why Miss Hennessy refused me . . .	199
--	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

Dublin Bay—The New Viceroy—The Monks of the Screw—Tom O'Hara—The Dalkey Coronation	216
---	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Provincial Viceregal Tour in Galway—A Galway Waiter—How his Excellency got Home after Dinner—The Galway Ball . . .	232
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

	PAGE
Lough Corrib—Father Daly—Grace O’Malley— The Viceroy advocates Women’s Rights—The Inn of Maam and the Roast Goose—How Father Ned rescued Pat Brallaghan from the Devil	246

CHAPTER XX.

Cong—The Maltbys—The Door of the Forge— Our Road to Maam—How we didn’t get into the Inn	263
---	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

Leenane—The Dismal Waitress—Our Return to Dublin—The Baron’s Revenge—A Renewal of Love—The Castle Officials	276
---	-----

CAPTAIN O'SHAUGHNESSY'S SPORTING CAREER.

CHAPTER I.

BALLYHOOOLY CASTLE—JUVENILE DAYS—MY FIRST APPEARANCE AS A GENTLEMAN JOCK.

BALLYHOOOLY CASTLE, my family seat,
fully answers the poet's description—

It is a lordly mansion, and proudly doth it stand,
With tall old towers that solemnly look forth o'er lea and land ;
A robe of feudal grandeur is wrapt about its brow,
And many a tree waves near it a green and shady bough.

It has long been the cradle of my race, and few families in Munster, according to the Dictionary of Landed Gentry of Sir Bernard Burke, can boast a more respectable ancestry than the O'Shaughnessys of Ballyhooly. Some persons pretend to despise genealogy, and say there is great affinity between pedigrees and potatoes, for the *best of both*

are in the ground, but I never heard the remark from a man who had a grandfather. Thanks to the labours of the aforesaid Ulster King of Arms, I can trace my ancestors to the time when the Scotchman pleasantly sings—

One of Noah's sons married Pharaoh's daughter,
And nearly spoilt the flood by drinking up the water,
Which he would have done—I, at least, believe it—
Had the liquor been—only half Glenlivet.

The Castle is really a castle. Many places are called so without having any fair claim to the name. But Ballyhooly Castle has towers and battlements, loop-holes and stone stairs. It is seated upon the summit of a grassy hill sloping to the limpid waters of the Irish Rhine, as the Munster Blackwater has been aptly called, and the deep mullioned windows command superb views of the valley watered by this picturesque and historic stream. The grassy lawn encompasses the grey old walls, but a well-gravelled carriage drive extends from the entrance gates to the castle. The demesne is well wooded. Trees of patriarchal age and giant size extend in long files down the slope, or dot the

verdant inches, while extensive woods clothe the hills and shelter the Castle on the north and east. The quantity of timber was often of use, as money was usually scarce at the castle, and the trees in the lawn and woods were occasionally thinned; thus they were useful as well as ornamental, like nice girls at a small tea party who play the piano for dancing.

In this venerable Castle I first drew breath; here I felt the soft pressure of my mother's hand, the blissful warmth of a mother's kiss. I admire that fine sentiment of Ruskin's which says, "The glory of a building is in its age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay even of approval or condemnation which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity." In truth, every part of our family seat would have delighted Ruskin. The entrance gate was old and quaint, the stone posts moss-grown, and half covered with lichens that glowed in the sunlight with colours so beautiful as to defy art to paint them. The avenue was bordered by tall overhanging trees, which I used to call "long chapels," while clumps of fine

ash and beech fringed the banks of the broad Blackwater flowing at the foot of the lawn.

The face of the country around Ballyhooly at this time was very different to its present aspect. The population of Ireland was then clustered in towns or small villages, grouped round or near some castle or demesne. These demesne lands ran up hill and down dale, comprising in their area tracts of land which was of a nature proper for yielding cereal crops, but, lying idle, were game coverts, where the wild deer, the fox, and, in more remote days, the wolf, made their lair. Farming occupation was scanty and rude in those days. True the industry of the tenants reclaimed the bog, fenced the moor, made the stubborn common blossom like a garden, and clothed the hill-sides with fields of waving corn ; but there was no security of tenure, and the poor man's capital was often forfeited by the avarice or cupidity of an unscrupulous landlord.

I was an only child, and my earliest recollections are associated with the beautiful country in which I lived. Linked in all my thoughts with the charms of nature, and the blissful hours I passed

in garden and in field, is the memory of her who made these gardens an Eden to my heart, my beloved mother. Through the long number of years which have since rolled on, sweeping away traces of other scenes, and effacing recollections of sorrows and of joys, those days come back like glimpses of some brighter and better sphere than earth.

And what delight it was for me to ramble with this watchful and idolized companion through the old-fashioned gardens of the castle, with their high, close-clipped hedges of box and privet bordering the straight gravel walks, listening to bees humming round beautiful flowers, or birds carolling in bower or in glade! When tired we rested beneath some shady tree, while I listened to the words of instruction that fell from her lips. But these days soon ended.

My uncle, Colonel Martial, a stout old martinet, who settled near us in the neighbouring town of Kilworth, was an advocate for public schools, as tending to make a boy bolder and better able to push his way among his fellows than home education ever could do. Emulation and the desire for superiority

incident to human nature, he considered, quickened a boy's industry, and acted as a spur to improvement. In vain my father, when the old Colonel discussed the question of "what he should do with me?" contended home was the best place to train youth; that with parental supervision a boy was safe from the contagion of rudeness and vice, innocent of evil, and formed in virtuous precepts.

"All quite true, my dear fellow," replied my uncle. "I grant that if this world was different to what it is your remarks would be unanswerable; but while you train your son *innocent*, is it wise to keep him *ignorant*? Again, when he is used to see only you, and those persons you employ, or who visit you, when he must go abroad he will be sheepish, for, unaccustomed to mix in society, he will not be able to acquit himself with ease and self-possession."

"Knowledge of the world and the usages of society are easily acquired," remarked my father; whereas good principles and habits of virtue are not so easy to attain. It is true that where there is only one boy, as in my case, the spur of emula-

tion is wanting ; but Terence is fond of his books, and with my help as tutor we shall try and get on together ; for a while, at all events."

For some time I continued my studies under my father's care, but the necessity of his reading up his classics in order to teach me began to grow irksome, and the more I advanced in my reading the more my father felt the necessity of assistance. I was then placed as a boarder at Fermoy School, under the excellent supervision of the Rev. Francis White.

We had a very happy time of it, and were not embarrassed by too much discipline. How well I remember the old schoolroom, with the high desk of the principal master and the lower desks of the ushers. Then our benches had high-sounding names. One was the "House of Lords," another, in which I had a seat, the "House of Commons," a third the "National Bench," and so on. We had two ball courts, a larger and smaller, and a fine sloping lawn where we played foot-ball, spy, sally-out, and where, I doubt not, cricket is played now. We loved our school, as I believe

most boys of spirit do ; and here was our little world, our contests for the prizes at the examinations, our deeply rooted friendships, our antipathies, our sorrows, and our joys. We used to pride ourselves on the notion that there was a particular stamp about us "college boys," which distinguished us from the pupils of other schools, a gentlemanly bearing that showed our training. I was one of the hardest readers of our class, and appointed "the chaplain;" and my duty was to get the lessons in Latin and Greek, and translate them for the benefit of my class before we were called up to say them with the ushers. I believe the result was I got more premiums than any other boy while I was at school.

I had been used to the saddle since I could throw my legs across it, and, brought up among the hounds, soon delighted in the glorious sport of the hunting field. My father was a capital horseman, and though my dear mother was a little nervous at the notion of her only child running the risk of broken bones from a hard fall, she, too, was racy of the soil, and allowed me to hunt as

often as I liked. When able to join the members of the Fermoy Hunting Club I was admitted a member, having then arrived at the age of fourteen.

This, however, did not interfere with my studies. There is a time for all things, and the great attention I displayed at my lessons was evinced in the manner I acquitted myself at the Christmas and Midsummer examinations. I do not like to be sounding my own praises, but few boys worked harder when at school. I have risen at four in the mornings to study, and while enjoying outdoor recreations was seldom without a book. Many a time have I been so absorbed in my reading when fishing, that rod and line have suffered, the fish breaking the rod and bolting with the line. I was a constant visitor at my uncle's, and he took great pleasure in seeing me display my equestrian skill.

Shortly after my admission to the Fermoy Hunting Club I was destined to make my first appearance as a gentleman jock. I was staying at Shot Hall, my uncle the Colonel's sporting lodge, and Mr. Hennessy, one of our nearest neighbours and dearest friends, was also spending a few days

at the Hall, to hunt with the Duhallow foxhounds. He was a fine specimen of an Irish country gentleman, one of the olden time; for I confess I fear we have degenerated of late years, and have lost much of that free-handed, open-hearted hospitality which gained us a good character in former years. We no longer meet men who, in the higher ranks, remind one of the peasant that a patriotic orator declared bid the stranger welcome, "with the indigenous potato of the country in one hand, and the bowl of benevolent butter-milk in the other." Mr. Hennessy would invite a party to his house, and days, or possibly weeks, elapse before the guests could depart. A constant succession of dinners for the old, pic-nics for the young, dancing for the girls, boating or hunting for the young men, kept the inmates of Killevullen, Mr. Hennessy's mansion, in constant enjoyment. He had long been a widower, but with his charming daughter Mary, and James, his only son, I had been intimate since my childhood. Mr. Hennessy had a horse, "a rum one to look at but a good one to go," and he rode him to my uncle's. At

dinner were several officers from Fermoy, for my uncle was fond of talking over military topics, and collected a large party, as the Duhallow fox-hounds were to meet close by the next day.

When dinner was over, and wine and whisky punch were circulating with the rapidity of my younger days, unknown in our more sober time, one of the officers, the Honourable Mr. Lanty, son of Lord Clashmore, who was a cornet in the 30th Lancers and a conceited fop, thought he could have a lark by quizzing Mr. Hennessy.

"I presume you will appear at the meet to-morrow?" said Mr. Lanty.

"Yes, please God!" piously exclaimed Mr. Hennessy.

"Is that quadruped you rode to-day a fencer?"

"He does contrive to get over the ground, though he ain't handsome."

"Twould be hard to get an uglier animal," rudely responded the cornet.

My uncle moved uneasily in his chair. I looked with some dread, lest a bottle or decanter might be turned into a missile, for I knew Mr. Hennessy was

choleric, and the manner of Mr. Lanty was grossly impertinent. Mr. Hennessy restrained himself, and quietly said :

"What value do you set upon that chestnut mare you rode with the Fermoy Harriers last Thursday?"

"She cost me a hundred and fifty, and I would not take two hundred for her. She is a tip-top huntress and no mistake!"

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Hennessy, raising his voice, "our young friend here, if he'll allow me to call him so, has given his opinion upon the appearance of my horse. I'll bet him a cool fifty, or a hundred if he likes, that my *ugly animal* sees more of the hunt to-morrow than the mare he values so highly."

Mr. Lanty had not reckoned on this. He tried to laugh it off as a joke, but Mr. Hennessy was not to be trifled with.

"I don't want to win your money, sir!" Mr. Lanty said.

"Faith! then I want to win yours," laughed Mr. Hennessy.

"Oh! if you insist upon it I'm quite willing to

back my chestnut mare for fifty," responded the cornet of Lancers.

The bet was regularly booked, and Mr. Hennessy later on asked me if I would ride Sugaur for him, as his weight, fifteen stone, would of course tell upon the horse.

I desired nothing better, and felt complimented at the trust reposed in my skill and judgment. I knew the horse's capacity, and had often enjoyed a good hunt on his back. He was a capital field horse, active as a squirrel, and as easy to sit as an arm-chair. Though not having a pace for the Derby, he had a knack of crossing the ground that no one would guess from his ungainly shape. I went to the stables and told Carty, my uncle's groom, of his engagement next day, and Carty's eyes brightened at the prospect of a "big drink" in case of the horse winning the bet. "Take him asy, Master Terence," said the groom, "lave him plenty of go for the run, and depind my life but you'll conquer."

We had a large and merry breakfast party, including Lanty and several of his brother officers,

who had come out to see the hunt. They freely backed Lanty's mare, and, methought, sneered a little when aware I was to ride for Mr. Hennessy.

When Sugaun was brought round his appearance caused much merriment. He certainly was no beauty. A tall, rawboned, cross-made horse, legs that let in a deal of daylight, and cat hams, a big head, and small stumpy tail. I looked quite a dwarf on his back, and, no doubt, presented a strong contrast to the dashing young cornet, who sat his splendid chestnut mare with the air of a centaur.

She was, in truth, a handsome animal. Her light thoroughbred head was well set, and her curved neck came finely to the high shoulder. She had straight muscular legs, well-rounded quarters, and her coat shone like satin. Nor was the get-up of Mr. Lanty less worthy of notice. He wore pearly doeskins, a glossy scarlet coat and hunting cap of crimson velvet, and his top-boots were a triumph of art.

"Now, Terry, if you don't take the shine out of that chap I'll not give you the otter hunt you wish for," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Have no fears, Mr. Hennessy," I replied. "If the fox heads for Ballyoren Bog that mare will have some work to carry her rider through."

"You may say that, lad," responded Mr. Hennessy.

My uncle and Mr. Hennessy drove to the hunt in my uncle's curricle, and when the hounds were thrown into Ariglen Covert there was a large and gallantly mounted field assembled. The *elite* of the hunting men from Fermoy, Mallow, Mitchelstown, and Lismore, with many fair sportswomen, put in an appearance ; and from the curious eyes turned upon me, and comments made upon Lanty and his dashing mare, it was plain the bet was generally known. "Hark into covert ! Ho Yoik !" was hardly cried when the eager pack commenced giving tongue. "Hoik to Melody!" "Say it again !" roared the huntsman, and many tuneful voices answered the appeal. "Tally ho ! Tally !" was the welcome signal for action, and with my hat well pushed down, my seat firm, and my knees well pressed, I raced Sugaun at the first fence. "Hold hard, gentlemen ; don't press the hounds," cried Lord Glanville, the master of the Duhallow Pack,

and he had need to raise his voice, for the Lancers were tearing along, led by Lanty on the chestnut mare. The pace was very fast. The scent lay perfectly, and a stout fox ran straight as an arrow followed by the pack running breast high. Lanty on his mare evidently felt all eyes were on them, and, to do him justice, he rode fearlessly and well. The mare seemed in high mettle, but was not used to Irish fences, for I noticed she took them all at a bound ; banks, drains, walls, hedges, all the same, she went flying over from field to field. This will do as long as the fields are dry and the fences fair, I thought, but when it comes to the heavy bottoms by-and-by Sugaun's training will be sure to tell. We kept modestly in the fourth or fifth rank, for I held the horse well in hand and was saving him as best I could ; though with only nine stone on his back he was pulling hard. In crossing the Ariglen river we had some scrambling at the bank, and here a mishap occurred to Lanty. The mare put her foot into a gully and fell, throwing her rider lightly. His velvet hunting hat came to grief, for the hat had fallen off, and the mare, in

getting up, put one of her hoofs on it and crushed it. Lanty could not put it on again, so he tied his handkerchief round his head and soon was in the front once more.

The chase now led into the very difficult country, lying at the base of the Moycollip hills, and along the valley of the Blackwater. The ground was heavy and the fences numerous, though small. Sugaun was quite at home in this district, which I had hunted often and often, and I knew if the fox crossed the Blackwater river to make for the earths at Waterpark, or Lukey's Glen, the mare would never live to the end. My surmise was right. The hunted fox boldly dashed into the Blackwater, under Moycollip Castle, and I, knowing every inch of the river, found no difficulty in getting quickly over, and an easy landing-place, to mount up the off side. Not so with several others, including Lanty. They faced where the banks were precipitous, and, after some ineffectual efforts to effect a landing, had to go round to the bridge, by which they lost much of the hunt, then left to Lord Glanville, the huntsman, whips, and myself. When next I saw Lanty

I pitied the mare. She seemed greatly distressed and he was riding recklessly, trying to regain the place he held so long, and calling on the mare with whip and spur; but she could not respond. It was clear if the hounds did not close with the fox soon she would be a victim. We rode for some time nearly abreast, and I could not fail to notice the drooping ears, watering eyes, dilated nostrils, and heaving chest, which showed the mare was sore pressed by the pace. Crossing some heavy ploughed land the mare staggered and fell. I pulled up and offered to help Lanty. He thanked me and owned the mare was beat, for he saw Sugaun was able to carry me with the leading hounds, and said so.

"Tell Mr. Hennessy I'll send him a cheque to-morrow, and I'll never say a word against Sugaun again," were the parting words of Lanty as I remounted, and he led the exhausted mare to a public-house close by. I soon overtook the pack running into the fox. The slight delay with Lanty proved rather an advantage to me, for the fox, finding the earths at Waterpark closed, was evidently making for Lukey's Glen, and this

threw the field, who had passed me while with Lanty, out of the running, so that when I rode on, I was alone with the hounds.

The fox, now thoroughly tired, was unable to crawl further. I saw him lie down, and before he could make an effort to continue his flight his rapacious foes were on him. A snarl and a worry ensued ; poor Pug showed fight, but it was in vain. Vanguard and Trueman, Jupiter, Melody, and Justice were only the leaders of the rest, and "Who-whoop ! Dead!" was the cry. A few slashes of my hunting-whip enabled me to possess myself of the brush, which waved from the headstall of Sugaun's bridle, and, to the infinite satisfaction of Mr. Hennessy and Carty, I won the bet he laid with Mr. Lanty.

CHAPTER II.

NORAH WHELAN'S WEDDING.

A MONG the friends of my boyhood I would be indeed most ungrateful if I omitted to mention Mr. and Mrs. M'Grath. Peter M'Grath was a wiry, active, dapper little man, full of energy and talent. He filled the responsible office of County Surveyor, and business relations with my father caused him to be much at Ballyhooly Castle in my younger days. It was a source of great pleasure to me, those visits of the County Surveyor. He was an excellent artist, fond of sketching, and, as our neighbourhood was rich in ruins of castles and abbeys, I was Mr. M'Grath's constant companion in his sketching expeditions.

Another attraction, more powerful than a love of art, brought him much to our neighbourhood. It might be termed a love of nature, in the shape of a fine girl. This was Miss Honora Whelan,

daughter of Mr. Bartholomew Whelan, a "strong"—Anglicé, wealthy—farmer, who was tenant to a large farm near my father's. Honora was quite a young woman when I was a mere child, and from my days of kites and jam was always kind to me, equally ready to help me to fly the one, or spread the other upon my bread and butter. Honora Whelan possessed great personal attractions. Me-thinks I see her in her riding-habit, which set off her fine figure to great advantage. She had soft, regular features, dark, flashing eyes, and a mouth which, if large, was provided with lips of rosy red and teeth of ivory whiteness. She was, as she would say herself in an unmistakeable rich Munster brogue, "bred, born, and reared in the country;" and, like most country-reared girls of her class at that period—I fear they are altered now—could milk the cows, churn the butter, and was an adept at all those excellent cakes and confections which my mother delighted to provide for us, cream-cakes and drisheens especially. My mother, who always sought to benefit every human being whenever she could, strongly advised Mr. Whelan to send his

daughter to a good school where her natural talents might be well developed, and recommended the Ursuline Convent at Blackrock. But Mr. Whelan disliked parting with money when it was possible to avoid doing so, or the vivacity of his fair daughter rebelled against the constraint which she supposed must be her lot if subjected to the watchful supervision of the nuns, so my mother's advice was only partially attended to. A cheap boarding-school was selected by Mr. Whelan for his daughter, and having spent a year in what he termed the "house of refinement," she came back to Ballyhooly, as my mother thought, considerably *disimproved*. Her provincial accent was heightened by the attempt to conceal it; the natural incidents of her life were emphasized in a manner meant to be grand, but really ludicrous; her features were incessantly called upon to display a variety of languishing emotions intended to captivate, and express the powers of her poetical soul. Strange the various opinions of mankind! The worthy farmer was delighted to find his daughter grown such "a fine lady," and the daughters of the

neighbouring tenants imitated her to the best of their ability. I doubt if any recognised leader of ton in the fashionable regions of Merrion or Fitzwilliam Squares in our Irish capital, or Belgravia in London, created a greater sensation in the latest Parisian dress, than Miss Whelan at Ballyhooly Chapel in a green silk skirt, with a sky-blue bonnet, and a canary coloured shawl.

Such was the girl who carried off the hearts of the young rustics. But they tried in vain to touch the obdurate heart of the maiden. Honora had had enough of country life ; she told my mother that she "would not be asy till she had a house of her own on the South Mall." This fashionable quarter of the city of Cork was the height of Honora's ambition. There did not seem to be much prospect of her hopes being then gratified. The eminent physicians and solicitors who occupied the houses in the South Mall were not likely to visit Ballyhooly, or to select Honora for a bride if any did ; so in process of time, when Mr. M'Grath, the county surveyor, sought my dear mother's help towards winning Miss Whelan for his wife, my

mother undertook to support his pretensions. How is it that the female heart so strongly inclines to match-making? My mother found Honora quite amenable. True, the damsel considered "Carey's Lane" decidedly objectionable as a residence, and hinted at her fixed determination to live in the South Mall; but my mother said, "All in good time, Norah dear. Mr. M'Grath is a rich man; his income as county surveyor is only a fourth of his gains, as there is hardly a large building in the county on which he is not employed. And mark my words, if you refuse him, you will have great difficulty in securing so estimable a husband."

Then Honora responded, with deep emotion, "Why thin, indeed, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, 'twould ill become my father's daughter to differ from so sinsible a lady as yourself; and as them's your sintiments, I'm quite agreeable, and Pether may speake out whinever he loikes."

With this outspoken assurance in his favour, Mr. M'Grath lost no time in adopting the advice. As he said, "better strike while the iron is hot;" and

the news quickly spread through the valley that Miss Whelan would soon become Mrs. M'Grath.

My mother took considerable interest in the preparations for the wedding, and to do old Bat Whelan justice, he did not spare money on the occasion. The whole neighbourhood from Killmullen to Fermoy was invited. Father Patrick, from Castletown, the parish priest, with his curates, were to be present ; and as the house of the farmer would not hold a tenth of the guests, his large barn was divided into two halves—one half devoted to the purposes of a dance, the other for the supper-room.

I think I was as deeply interested in the progress of the wedding as the parties more directly concerned. I know that I was at Peter's elbow when he drew a pretty plan for the decorations of the barn, to hide the bare walls and unsightly rafters of the roof, and to convert it into a tasteful bower with green boughs and garlands of bright flowers, and I know that I helped Honora to carry out the design by heaping carts with laurels and such evergreens as our shrubberies afforded, and

weaving into garlands the flowers sent from my mother's exquisite gardens, in aid of those which Honora procured from her own.

The day for the wedding came, and all declared that Honora was in luck. For as "happy is the bride the sun shines on," she possessed that pleasure in profusion. The morning in May was one of unclouded brilliancy. Cairn Thierna, our high headland and weather gauge, was without his night-cap, and stood well-defined against the clear blue sky ; the dewdrops on grass and bough shone like diamonds or topaz ; the air was musical with the carolling of birds and hum of bees as they flitted from flower and tree ; the cocks crowed as if they claimed a voice in the matter ; and the joyous laugh of the girls in the village came gaily on the ear.

Weddings in Catholic families at that time were usually celebrated at the bride's house, and in the evening. I accompanied my father and mother to Mr. Whelan's, and although we went we thought early, the preparations for the ceremony were already far advanced. At the cross roads leading down to the farmer's range of offices a

large bonfire was blazing, to the great delight of all the little urchins of the village, who cheered and shouted as the faggots crackled and the tar-barrels sent a lurid flame into the sky. These little bare-legged boys and girls rushed forward like a pack of beagles when we approached, and it was amusing to watch the little boys doffing their tattered caps, or, if minus head covering, pulling their matted locks of hair where their caps would have been, to show respect for the "master," while the little girls went bobbing around in their attempt at curtseys to the "mistress." The approach to the farmyard was thronged with merry villagers, the men in blue swallow-tailed coats and knee breeches, the women in bright dresses; while a rural band, in which the big drum and a squeaking fife were the most distinguishable instruments, played "Haste to the Wedding" with might and main.

The rosy hues of evening were flushing in the heavens as we entered the farmyard. The golden gleams of the declining sun cast a brightness over the scene of hospitable revelry, the young May

moon was showing a silvery rim, and the evening star was beginning to twinkle in the far-off sky. Already the lively notes of the bagpipes—and what music's so inspiring as the Irish pipes well played!—were heard within the house, while occasional screams of two violins which the fiddlers were screwing to the proper tone, and the gruffer barks of a deep-voiced violoncello, made the "boys'" and "girls'" feet assume dancing positions in preparation for the night's work.

When we reached the house the assembled company rose and made way for my father and mother. The fiddlers and the pipers ceased for the moment, and Mr. Whelan advanced to welcome us, which he did with the air of a man who felt proud of seeing honoured guests. We passed through a crowd of the farmers of the district in their Sunday suits, and their comely wives curtseyed low as, with her pleasant smile and kindly voice, my mother recognised each well-known face. At the top of the "big parlour," as the best room was designated, the most distinguished guests clustered in a group. All was in readiness for the wedding, as if our arrival was

waited for. The parish priest, a dapper, neat little figure, with a blooming complexion that earned him the suspicious soubriquet of "your rosy reverence," stood robed in his surplice, as also his curate, Father Cotter, a mild, gentle creature, whose life was passed in the untiring duties of teaching the way to Heaven by example as well as precept. Near them stood the bride, dressed with much taste, for my mother gave her the wedding dress, a quiet white silk with close fitting body made high, which, I heard, rather disconcerted the bride, as she had hoped to exhibit a very finely developed bust on this joyous occasion. She came forward very earnestly to receive us, and some demonstration of the strength of her feelings was vented in the smack upon my mother's cheek, which much resembled the crack of a detonator. Peter, got up in a blue coat, with shining gilt buttons, white Marseilles waist-coat, and nankeen continuations, also expressed his sense of the compliment paid him by our presence, and our old friend Mr. Hennessy, his daughter Mary, a dear little playfellow of mine,

and her brother, also about my age, having shaken hands with my parents, the marriage ceremony was then duly solemnised. When Peter had boldly kissed the blushing bride, very many of her old admirers claimed the same freedom, and there was much laughing amongst the two pretty bridesmaids, who naturally came in for some of the kissing. Congratulations were profuse, and the collection for the priest, to which all the wedding guests contributed, realized a very considerable sum.

The adjournment to the ball-room then took place, and here the arrangements displayed good taste in design and ability in execution. An ever-green arch formed the entrance, the walls were embowered in laurels, and wreaths and garlands entwined the rafters overhead. There was a country dance soon formed, led off by the bride and bridegroom, and I have seldom seen a merrier or gayer set than stretched from end to end of that old-fashioned, excellent dance. Every one joined in it but the priests. Mr. Hennessy stood opposite my mother, my father danced with one of the

bridesmaids, Mr. Whelan with another, Mary Hennessy was my partner, and as the fiddlers plied their elbows incessantly, the mingled sound of their strings and the shouts of revelry were responded to by the thuds of threescore feet, not all lightly shod, upon the earthen floor.

Dancing had been continued without intermission for above an hour, when James Hennessy whispered, "Come with me, Terry, and I'll show you something worth looking at." I followed him, and, keeping our slim bodies close to the wall, we slipped behind the rick covers, drawn as a screen to separate the supper end of the barn from the end devoted to the votaries of Terpsichore. Here indeed, as James said, was a sight worth seeing for hungry revellers. Three long tables were piled with food in every conceivable form; rounds of beef, legs of mutton roast and boiled, hams, heads and sides of bacon, chickens in rows, were flanked with pies and puddings, while the regiments of bottles showed the fluids were quite in proportion to the substantial solids. I noticed that at the upper end of the central table the display of china

and cutlery was very like our own, and indeed any doubt I might have entertained as to where these handsome things came from was settled by seeing the O'Shaughnessy hand and sword engraved upon the forks and spoons.

Having satisfied our curiosity by a close inspection, nothing more, we were about returning to the other compartment, when the central portion of the division was suddenly drawn aside, and we beheld the *elite* of the wedding company flocking in. James and I instantly crept under one of the tables and emerged on the other side, when the guests were too busy scrambling for seats to notice where we rose.

When my father and mother had partaken of supper, and my wants were so liberally supplied that I could eat no more, we returned home. The more sedate part of the guests also left early, but the morning sun rose ere the party broke up, and for many a year Honora Whelan's wedding was a theme of praise in Ballyhooly.

CHAPTER III.

MY YOUTHFUL SPORTS—OTTER HUNTING AND HAWKING.

THE success with which I acquitted myself upon Sugaun for Mr. Hennessy made me heartily welcome at Killevullen, and the worthy owner and his family caused me to feel quite at home when, shortly after the hunt, I drove over to spend some time with them. I have already mentioned that besides his son, who was about my own age, Mr. Hennessy had a daughter. Mary was a year younger ; one of the kindest, sweetest-tempered, most loveable girls that ever made a young man feel the force of an honest heart-ache. She is long since with the angels, whom she resembled here, and I took the greatest pleasure in her society. She was gifted with rare talents—an accomplished musician, painted and sketched admirably, and her dancing was indeed the poetry of motion.

The day after my arrival was fixed for an otter

hunt. There were several animals of that fish-devouring tribe doing mischief along the river, and the desire to thin their numbers brought a crowd of people to assist at the hunt.

The otter hounds were of large size, and six couples were accompanied by a pair of as knowing-looking terriers as ever drew an otter. Each terrier was distinguished by honourable scars; one was minus an ear, the other had lost an eye and gained a limp, having had a hind leg broken in a conflict with its amphibious enemy. When we were all ready, Mr. Hennessy led the way to the cave beneath his house, and the terriers, with a sharp yelp, rushed to the front, followed by the pack. Trained men in Mr. Hennessy's employment accompanied the huntsmen, and three more carried shovels, crowbars, and pick-axes, while such of us as could get spears from Mr. Hennessy's store-room, which seemed to contain everything from a darning needle to a fishing spear, were armed with that formidable weapon. The terriers no sooner reached the mouth of the cave than, selecting the burrow to the right, they displayed an activity that promised well for our sport.

"Keep clear, gentlemen, and give the baste fair play," cried the huntsman, drawing aside with the pack, and leaving the aperture clear for the otter to bolt, if so minded. We drew aside also, and could hear the work of war within. First a tearing of earth and displacing of stones, as the plucky little terriers worked their way, and then a growl and a yelp of pain, and next moment out rushed a large otter about three feet long, with a thick and finely tapering tail. I could see his brown back and grey breast. With a cheer from the master the dogs gave tongue and the hunt began. The splashing of the pack as they rushed pell-mell after the otter, the cries of the people, and the music of the hounds, made the valley resound. The otter went alternately diving and swimming, with the dogs doing their best to overtake him, while we witnessed the hunt from the high and rocky bank. The chase now ran below the bridge, and Mr. Hennessy feared the otter would make for Monanimy, on the opposite side, and get safe among the caves. He accordingly desired his boat to be unmoored, and soon he and two of my companions, his son and daughter, with

myself, jumped in and rowed hard, and got between the otter and the northern bank of the river. This sent the otter to the bottom of the river, and we thought he was lost, for we could see nothing of his whereabouts.

At last the terriers drove him out of a ledge of rocks, and we had the satisfaction of seeing his brown snout in the stream. I tried to get a drive of my spear at him, but missed, and if Mr. Hennessy had not caught me firmly round the waist, I should assuredly have had an unintentional cold bath.

"A thousand thanks for your prompt aid," I said.

"I knew it was needed," said my friend. "You know the adage, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.'"

We pressed the otter, now evidently getting tired, and he swam to the bank. The hounds were close on his track, and then ensued such a fight for life as I have seldom seen equalled.

"Leave him to the dogs, boys," shouted Mr. Hennessy, as some of the men, in their eagerness to dispatch the otter, were disposed to administer the *coup de grace*.

The otter fought fiercely, and many a time a whimpering hound retreated from his formidable grasp, and more than one howled in agony when his white teeth bit through skin and flesh. But strong and staunch as the otter proved he was only one to a host of enemies, equally truculent and determined on his death. He was soon worried, and thus terminated the otter hunt.

One of the amusements of my youth was that of hawking, now almost obsolete. Hawking, or falconry, as it was usually termed, constituted the chief pastime of kings and nobles in ancient times. It was a sport almost entirely confined to the higher classes, while the sports of hunting and shooting large game, such as deer and wild boar, bringing them down with the bow and arrow, extended to the gentry and humbler sportsmen. The mode of training and flying the hawks engaged the attention of ladies in former days, and one of the earliest works on falconry was written about the middle of the 15th century by Dame Juliana Berners. England in the reign of the Plantagenets, and Ireland to a later period, were infested with

many noxious beasts that have long since disappeared. The prowess of the old sportsmen has eradicated many wild beasts and the advance of civilization others. In Ireland a reward was offered for the extirpation of wolves, so that now their existence only lives in such rhymes as the following :

“And for to sette young hunterys in the way
To venery, I cast me fyrst to go :
Of which four bestes be, that is to say,
The hare, the herte, the wulf, and the wild boar ;
But there be other bestes five of the chase,
The buck the first, the second is the doe ;
The fox the third, which hath ever hard grace,
The forth the martyn, and the last the roe.”

“The ‘cuteness of a fox,’ once said Mr. Hennessy, “is proverbial, but I know an instance of it which, if I did not suffer by it, might be said to bang Banagher. One night I heard a terrible hissing and gobbling among my geese in an outhouse, which I had seen that evening so securely fenced I had no suspicion a fox could have shoved his snout into it, much less his carcase. When it was daylight I got up, threw on my dressing-gown, and went in. What did I see ? The thief of a fox had

got down through a hole in the roof and killed no less than a score of my fine fat geese; and finding the roof too high for him to make his escape, he actually made a mound of the bodies of the geese, which he thus used as a ladder, and by this ingenious contrivance, effected his escape."

"That was clever, indeed," I said; and turning to him I inquired: "What did you do with your twenty fat geese?"

"Corned them, and they ate beautiful!" replied Mr. Hennessy.

Hunting is at present pursued with an ardour greater, if possible, than was the habit of our ancestors, while fishing, a comparatively modern pastime, is brought to be almost regarded as a science, and shooting is followed with avidity, and attended in many places with great expense. Yet hawking, the royal sport of kings and knights in the days of chivalry, occupies the attention of few. As I had the opportunity of witnessing this sport, and devoted much time in my youth to training hawks, it occurred to me that a brief account of my method of training and

flying these famous birds might be interesting to sportsmen.

The hawks must be taught when young, before they are able to fly strongly, and they should be kept in a shed open to the south. A little bell, about the size of a walnut, is placed on the leg of each hawk, and a couple of short straps, termed in the language of falconry "jesses," are placed one on each leg. Their food may be raw beef, or the flesh of rabbits, pigeons, or rooks, which they should get twice a day, administered by means of a lure.

The lure consists of a stout piece of wood about four feet long, to which a pair of pigeon wings are fastened. The hawk's food is tied to this lure, and when the keeper waves it round his head and whistles or shouts to the young hawks at the regular feeding time, they quickly obey his call. Their obedience and docility in attending to the lure are rewarded by permission to fly at large in a fortnight. This liberty is called flying at hawk, or hack. When found to attend readily to the lure, they are hooded and taught to stand and be

borne on the wrist. They may soon be flown at young birds or pigeons.

In ancient times they were the constant companions of their owners, and a person of rank seldom went out of his dwelling without his hawk. Old paintings and tapestry show this, and an old painting representing Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, depicts him with his falcon on his wrist and a dog under his arm. In the household of the Welsh princes the falconer was fourth officer in the principality and entitled to great emoluments, but was stinted in his beer, for he was forbidden to take more than three draughts of beer from his horn, lest he should get drunk and neglect his duty.

The terms used in hawking are of great antiquity. Let us here jot down those most in use. Haggard and passage hawks mean wild hawks; eyas, a hawk trained from the nest or eyrie; the falcon-gentil and peregrine falcon are both less in size than the gyr falcon, about the size of ravens; next in size is the lanner, then the sacre and the hobby, used for larks and quails. The kestrel was also

trained to fly at small birds, and the merlin, though not much bigger than a thrush, has such pluck and courage, that he has been known to kill a partridge or quail. The falcons are endowed with such courage they fear no bird of equal size, and their swiftness of wing is so great no bird can escape. They are so docile when trained that they not only obey the orders, but the very looks of their masters.

The season for hawking depends entirely upon the quarry or object of pursuit. If partridges or grouse are the birds to be flown at, September or October is the proper time, and with the former birds it is better to let the dogs point before the hawk is cast loose, for you are then sure of the game; but with grouse it is better to have the dog to heel and kept silent, for grouse rise readily. If they are within a short distance, throw up the hawk, and then get up the game. For rooks, magpies, and pigeons any time of the year will answer, and very good sport they afford. I witnessed many excellent flights on the Fermoy race-course. This is an extensive plain stretching along

the banks of the Blackwater, and first-rate galloping ground. Here I had capital sport with my hawks, well-trained and strong flyers. We had a good supply of pigeons, and the plan usually adopted was to unloose the falcon, that always kept hovering within a moderate distance. I then waved the lure, and as the falcon stooped towards the attraction, the pigeon was let fly and the pursuit began. The efforts of the pigeon to escape the formidable beak and talons of a falcon ready to drink its life-blood were very great, but insufficient, and unless able to reach the shelter of the neighbouring trees, the pigeon was sure to be hawked at and slain.

Heron hawking was the sport most liked by our ancestors, but now-a-days, owing to the closeness of the country, and scarcity of these birds, it is not often to be had. The flight is generally too long for short-winged hawks, so the passage hawk is preferable. Gos-hawks could not sustain a high flight, being short winged. They can sometimes be obtained from the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London, or Germany and

Sweden. Falconers find them obstinate and difficult to tame, but gos-hawks when trained may be flown at large birds such as pheasants, also at hares and rabbits. The sparrow-hawk, as the name imports, is only used for small birds. They are very wild, and hard to train. The peregrine falcon is strong enough for any game, or may be flown at rooks or pigeons. It was very pleasant to see the sport which these birds showed, and I wonder the taste for hawking has grown so antiquated.

Mary Hennessy constantly joined my hawking parties, and it was a sight worth seeing to see her pretty face radiant with the flush of exercise—which, alas! soon changed into the hectic of consumption—urging her pony over the grassy plain, and her graceful figure swaying to and fro as we galloped hard to save the quarry struck by the hawk.

CHAPTER IV.

SALMON FISHING NEAR BALLYHOOLEY.

ONE of my constant companions during this period of my sporting career was Pat Sheehan, "*poor but contented,*" as, with a spirit of resignation worthy a philosopher of the Stoic school, he loved to describe himself. Pat was by trade a shoemaker, but by taste and inclination a fisherman. He was much oftener seen along the Blackwater's bank fishing for salmon, dabbling for gudgeon, dipping for trout, or trolling for pike, than making or mending shoes. I suspect he found his piscatorial recreation a more profitable employment than his more regular trade, for his flies were eagerly bought, and attending officers to the trout streams was a source of considerable revenue.

It often was a puzzle to me what affinity exists between leather and literature. We know that shoemakers are more disposed to authorship than

other tradesmen. Bloomfield, the poet ; Samuel Drew, editor of the Imperial Magazine ; Thomas Cooper, author of the "Purgatory of Suicides," were shoemakers, and Pat Sheehan might be added to the list of *tutorial authors*, for he, too, was a votary of the muses. Many a poetic effusion of his celebrated the charitable acts of my parents, and, like other productions of the nine, occasionally strained the bounds of truth. Thus his reference to our pecuniary condition—

"And what their charity impairs
They save by prudence in affairs"—

I knew, from certain bills oft renewed in the neighbouring bank, was not quite accurate.

Pat made my juvenile acquaintance, and when home from school I frequently went into his humble dwelling in Ballyhooly, to watch him tying flies, in which employment he was a master hand. Here, in the little room behind the shop, where Pat exposed for sale boots and shoes, fishing-rods and slippers, gaffs, leather and lines, heels and reels, uppers and tops, have I spent hours, while the bare skeleton hook grew into the semblance of an

enticing fly, with tawny, orange, or green body, blue rings, and black head, sufficient to lure the most wary of the finny tribe. While he wrought on, Pat discoursed most amusingly upon various topics. He enhanced very considerably the price of his flies by referring to the difficulty he underwent in procuring some of the materials employed ; told how he had "to pay a sojer for bringing macaw feathers from the East Injees, and was threatened to be prosecuted as a poacher for having some hare's fur."

All my pocket money (not much) went for rods, wheels, and flies. I felt very proud when owner of a salmon rod, and I longed for the spring days, that I might go with Pat salmon fishing along the river below. Yet I never took to fishing as I did to hunting, though when living on the banks of a fine salmon river, I had my share of it. With reference to the early salmon fishing, no one but an ardent lover of sport will undertake it. Cold rain, half ice half sleet, with a cutting wind, detracts considerably from our notions of amusement ; but I have known many to brave these drawbacks for the sake of stirring a fish. The bad weather which

usually prevails in February and March is not all the Irish angler has to contend with. His piscatorial efforts are sadly marred by "kelts" journeying to the brine after performing their maternal duties of spawning. These ill-conditioned fish are quite voracious and rise readily to the fly. When captured they should be instantly restored to their natural element, for if so they will shortly return refreshed by their visit to the salt water, wholesome and strong fish, much increased in size, and able to give you good sport. Barring, as we say in Ireland, the weather and the "kelts," spring fishing is better than that of the later season. The chances of catching fresh fish are greater than in the summer, and every angler knows that a salmon recently arrived from the resounding sea affords infinitely more sport, and taxes the skill of the fisherman much more, than one which has been swimming in fresh water for any length of time. Then in the early months the rivers have an abundant supply of water. This is far from being the case when the scorching suns of June and July have dried up their beds. The consequence is the

salmon remain in deep pools, and there they lurk until they have water enough to enable them to reach the spawning beds. Again, the more advanced the season the scarcer are the fish, from the quantities caught by nets and other engines of destruction used, especially in estuaries. The weirs on the Blackwater at Youghal, Lismore, Glendelane, and Fermoy often prevented the fish reaching Ballyhooly.

A glut of salmon was announced by Pat shortly after I had completed my purchase of the salmon rod, and we resolved to lose no time in using it. Accordingly next morning he and I found our way to Ballyhooly bridge, and soon a ten-pound new fish rewarded my attention to Pat's instructions.

"Well played, Master Terry! On my word, sir, you landed him well," exclaimed Pat.

I called a *gossoon** who followed our steps, and sent the fish to my mother as my first tribute of piscatorial skill. We fished down stream towards Grange, and two more fish, somewhat smaller than

* Little boy.

the first, were added. I was beginning to think of returning home, when a loud splash not far from the bank announced our proximity to a large fish.

"Be me sowl that's a whopper!" cried Pat.

With a beating heart I drew my casting line with three flies, yellow and green, over the ripples made by the fish, and, with a bound that showed his silvery side he rose to the tail fly. I was drawing it as he snapped, and I struck him well.

"Truth but you have him there, sir," said Pat, chuckling.

I had him fast, and away he went like a shot with the line running hard as it could go. The shore here shelved very much, and I ran along with the course of the fish, or my line would have speedily run out. As it was I felt I must take to the water, and said so.

"Be wary, sir," said Pat; "there's a mighty strong stream here, and I fear it will cause you to run some risk."

"Risk or no risk I'm not going to lose the fish!" I cried, walking up to my waist in the river.

I still held on, when suddenly the top of the rod,

which had bent like a bow, resumed its perpendicular and the taut line grew slack. Either I lost my fish or he turned and was swimming in the opposite direction to that hitherto taken. The latter was the fact. I saw him as he passed up, and he saw me, for with a rapid dart he shot away, and soon every yard of line was run out. I was in despair. A check, however, caused him to turn, and as he approached me, fear or some other cause made him leap up so near me that I caught him as he fell. He struggled hard. Luckily the water was shallow, for he threw me down, and if I had not had a grip of his gills he was off. In my anxiety I cast away my rod, and as I held to my slippery fish Pat came to help me.

"Well done, sir! Faix, Masther Terry, you deserve to be crowned. I'm fishing these fifty years, and never see the likes of that."

"Is he not a fine salmon!" I cried, as I dragged my prize on shore. He was thirty-six pounds weight, and it gave Pat and me no small work to get him to Ballyhooly. By means of the hook still fast, I recovered my rod and line.

CHAPTER V.

STEEPLE-CHASE NEAR OUR DWELLING—THE RAKES OF
MALLOW—CONTEST BETWEEN GARRYOWEN AND THE
RAKES' HUNTS.

I HAVE next to chronicle a sporting event which left an enduring mark on the tablets of my memory, a steeple-chase at Ballyroberts, in which my esteemed friend Thomas Donnelly, of Bellevue, rode against William Gwyn, of Loloher, mounted on Mr. Creagh's Sailor. This race caused great excitement, and all my friends were anxious for the result. The place selected for this sporting match was well known to me. I had hunted there in company with the owners of the competing horses year after year, and every fence, ditch, wall, bank, or hedge was as familiar as the steps leading to my bed-chamber. The proprietors of both these horses were highly esteemed as excellent country gentlemen, capital horsemen, and impar-

tial magistrates. They were each the idols of the lower orders of their respective neighbourhoods, who earnestly desired the success of the respective horses with that spirit of gratitude which forms a marked feature in the character of the Irish.

The steeple-chase horses presented a great contrast in size and appearance. Mr. Donnelly's mare was small and well shaped, colour dark bay, approaching brown, not above fifteen hands high, compact head well set on, thin neck with well arched crest, broad chest, and round barrel. She was perhaps a little too fine from the knees, but on the whole her points were admirable. The horse, on the contrary, was a large, bony, angular shaped animal, had a coarse head and was high hipped, yet showing much muscular power. He had round quarters, was full of courage, and when he took his leaps kindly was one of the best hunters in Cork's broad county. He was jet in colour, and a rakish looking hunter. The confidence reposed in the superior horsemanship of Mr. Donnelly made his mare a great favourite; while to jockey his horse Mr. Creagh secured the services of a well-known steeple-

chase horseman who had won golden opinions by his skill, courage, and judgment.

The day before the race a large party, my father and I amongst them, assembled round the hospitable board of Mr. Donnelly, at Bellevue. All were in high hopes of victory on the morrow. A first-rate dinner, with wines of rare vintage, put the guests in good spirits, and wishes and toasts for the success of our host were numerous and hearty. A piper, placed in the embrasure of one of the deeply recessed windows, played many of the melodies of Ireland.

In order to have our host prepared by a good night's rest for the fatigues of the next day, he acceded to the suggestion of retiring early, leaving some choice spirits to supply his plaee. I heard afterwards of one who, at two in the morning, feeling incommoded by his dress coat, threw it off, saying, "Now, boys, let us begin to spend the evening."

The line of country chosen for the struggle was in the neighbourhood of Castleyons, co. Cork, and the winning post near Ballyroberts Castle. The day was quite favourable, and crowds came to witness the race. My mother, who seldom evinced

much interest in these events, came, and brought Mary Hennessy in her carriage, while my father and I rode. Equipages of all sorts, from the family coach of the peer to the low-backed car of the peasant, were in requisition. Along the road was a continuous stream of vehicles—carriages, jaunting-cars, gigs, traps of all sorts—while in the fields horsemen in sporting attire displayed their equestrianism in the eyes of the assembled daughters of the land.

The warning bugle brought the horses to the post, and when stripped for saddling both were subjected to sharp criticism. The mare was considered the more reliable to back in betting, for although Sailor had greater strength and speed he was of uncertain temper, and few men were bold enough to trust money on his winning the race.

Mr. Gwyn was soon in the saddle, and as well as Mr. Donnelly was loudly cheered. When the horses were brought to the starting post, and the word "Away" given, Mr. Gwyn jumped off with the lead and made the running. The course lay over a variety of ground—wide pastures mixed

with ploughed fields, and the fences were high, stiff, and numerous. Mr. Gwyn knew that so long as he had the lead and Sailor felt closely pressed by the mare, there was less chance of the horse trying to baulk or bolt than if the mare were leading. All went well until Sailor spied a brook which had to be taken, and although from his name one might have thought water his proper element, he always showed a hydrophobic tendency, and here Mr. Gwyn felt was the critical time. With admirable tact he cheered on the horse by his voice. It is well known that nothing is so inspiriting as the human voice with some animals, horses especially. The horse yielding obedience to his rider may be supposed to believe the rider will not demand any effort beyond his powers, and therefore is ready to make the exertion required. Thus Sailor readily pricked up his ears, and, to the wonder of all present and the surprise of Mr. Donnelly's backers, who expected to see him refuse the brook, Sailor flew over it like a bird. The rest of the race was plain running. He never swerved or hesitated till he went first past the winning post. The cheers of

Mr. Creagh's friends rent the sky, while gloom and disappointment was the lot of Mr. Donnelly's party. Shortly after this the marriage of Mr. Gwyn with a lovely and accomplished relative of Mr. Creagh's was announced, and thus Mr. Gwyn secured a charming wife by his able judgment in riding Sailor, and might be said fairly to have gained the steeple-chase by a ring fence.

Shortly after this a large fox-hunting dinner was given by my father to members of the Duhallow Hunt, and as the words of a popular song sung on that occasion show what were the habits of some of the Irish gentry before Father Mathew's time, I insert it here :—

THE RAKES OF MALLOW.

Beauing, belleing, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, swearing, sinking,
Ever raking, never thinking,

Live the Rakes of Mallow.

Spending faster than it comes,
Breaking waiters, bailiffs, duns,
Bacchus's true begotten sons,

Live the Rakes of Mallow.

One time naught but claret drinking,
Then like politicians thinking
To raise the sinking funds—when sinking,
 Live the Rakes of Mallow.

When at home with father, dying,
Still for Mallow water crying,
But where there's good claret plying,
 Live the Rakes of Mallow.

Living short but merry lives,
Going where the devil drives,
Having sweethearts but no wives,
 Live the Rakes of Mallow.

Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
Wishing to spend all their days in
 Raking as in Mallow.

Then to end this raking life,
They get sober, take a wife,
Ever after live in strife,
 And wish again for Mallow.

"I believe there are few specimens of the Rakes to be found now, sir?" said one of the guests.

"I do not know one," replied my father, "and so much the better. It is to be regretted, though, that the spa is so much disused. In my youth it was as fashionable in Ireland as Harrogate or Cheltenham in England, and of course was much re-

sorted to. The chronicles of those times, if preserved, would be very amusing."

My father was then asked "if he remembered any sporting events connected with the Rakes." He paused for a moment, and then said he remembered when a boy hearing of a contest for rivalry between the Garryowen Boys with their pack, claiming superiority for Limerick, and the Rakes of Mallow, which he would relate.

We all remained silent, while my father continued—

"At this time the Duhallow pack was hunted by Pat Frawley, as good a hand on a horse, with as good a head for a cast, as ever cried Tally ho ! The meet was at Castle Kiffin, and was an unusually full one, for as every one knew the struggle that was to come off between Cork and Limerick, no one who could muster a nag that could stand was absent. From Ballyedmond, Castle Cook, Drishane, Castle Lyons, Kildinan, Mount Glissan, came Cork men good and true, splendidly mounted on their weight carriers ; while hard riders from Duhallow and the borders of Kerry, were resolved not to allow the

brush to leave the barony. Limerick, on the other hand, was well represented Hard-riding Westropps, Shines, Jevers, Conyers, Gibbings, Russells, and Saunders were in full force, and it was hard to say which was best mounted. The Garryowen hounds were noble dogs, and in good hands with Old Tom Whelply ; and he and Pat Frawley, though they shook hands and drank mutual health, certainly regarded each other with looks of distrust and defiance as they trotted along to draw Castle Kiffin cover. The welcome music soon announced that Reynard was at home, and many a girth was tightened, and many a stirrup-leather shortened in anticipation of the coming rush. After dodging for some time in the woods, the fox broke and faced towards Anikissy. Here his course was impeded by some work-people, and unfortunately before he could effect his escape the hounds ran into him and broke him up. Tom Grant of Kilmurry took the brush, but this being too short a run was not decisive, and a move was made for Killura Glen.

“ Here the hounds were hardly thrown in before a gallant fox was tallied, and with a hop,

skip, and jump he faced for Killevullen at a slapping pace. The rush up the hill tried the wind of the hunters, and when on the top the tailing commenced. Hard as the hounds could lay leg to ground they hunted from Killevullen past Monanimy to Clifford. At Clifford a check occurred, for the fox sought refuge in a cluster of rhododendrons, and when his foes were too near for comfort away he went for Rinnny. Here the fences were close and difficult, and more than one Garryowen Boy and Mallow Rake reposed on mother earth. A good field still showed in front, and Duhallow was close on the skirts of the Limerick lads. You know that near Rinnny House there is a fearful precipice, and when Frawley saw Tom Whelby cheering on the hounds in front, he dashed recklessly to take the lead, when over he went, and, sad to say, was found lifeless on the rocks below. This of course prevented any further sport that day, and in compliment to the deceased the gentlemen of both hunts resolved to pay poor Pat the tribute of attending his funeral, with their respective packs all in mourning.

"On the day of Pat's funeral, there was a large

cavalcade ; most of the members of the Duhallow Hunt, with many from Garryowen, put in an appearance along with their hounds, each dog having a narrow collar of crape round his neck. The funeral was bound for the old graveyard of Bridgetown, within sight of the rocks where poor Frawley met his death. The coffin had no sooner been placed in the grave, the prayers said, and the rumble of the clay came falling on the lid, when the cry of hounds in full chase was heard. Some of the hounds, as they roamed about the magnificent abbey ruins, gave tongue in a fashion as if they meant to wake the dead. A rush was instantly made, and a gallant fox, supposed to be the identical fox the hounds were hunting a few days previously, leaped from the ruins with both packs close on his brush.

" In a second all thought of the sad and solemn ceremony in which they were engaged was banished, and the excitement of the chase alone occupied all present. Limerick and Duhallow were again pitted against each other, and walls, double-ditches, gates, palings, and hedges were

jumped liked so many potato ridges. Again Tom Whelply headed the field, and after one of the most exciting runs ever remembered, the fox once more turned towards Rinny. With some trepidation for another tragic finish, the field followed the flying hounds, but Reynard dashed past the fatal rock, and made for the ruined Abbey of Bridgetown. Here, singular to state, in the very grave and on the coffin of Pat Frawley—for in the excitement of the chase no one thought of filling up poor Pat's grave—the fox sought refuge; but his merciless pursuers did not regard him as having the privilege of sanctuary, and he was so worried that when the leading horsemen proceeded to whip off the hounds there was scarcely a trace of the fox. Thus ended the contest between Limerick and Duhallow."

All thanked my father for his spirited tale and others were related.

Meantime spring was followed by summer, and as usual we went on the Continent, where my father had many friends. It was while with him I paid a visit to the château of the Baron von Groot,

a Belgian nobleman who was a *grand chasseur*, and I expected much amusement from following more formidable game than could be found in my native land. How I fared will be unfolded in my next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

CONTINENTAL FIELD SPORTS—THE WILD BOAR HUNT—
THE EAGLETS—CHAMOIS HUNTING—DEER HUNT AT
CHANTILLY.

“And for to sette young hunteys in the way,
To venerye I cast me fyrist to go,
Of which four bestes be, that is to say,
The herte, the hare, the wolf, and the wilde boar.”

THUS said, or sang, old Twyce, in “Ye Crafte of Hunting,” some hundreds of years ago, and we can well conceive the martial spirit which the fact of encountering such beasts as the wolf and the wild boar must have engendered in the youth of England. The old records of Ireland also show that wolves formerly infested that country in great numbers, and rewards were paid for their heads, which, in time, caused their extermination. But they were not entirely destroyed in Ireland until the commencement of the last century, and the Irish wolf-dog is not yet extinct. Boars, also, were hunted in Ireland, and several

places were named after them : Kanturk, Anglicè the Boar's Head, Mamturk, &c.

The idea of hunting a wild boar caused me to long for the day of the chase, and much as I enjoyed the visit to Brussels, which I paid with my father, I longed to get away to the Château von Groot. At length we reached it. The Château was a rambling old house, half fortress half dwelling, and might stand a siege, if exposed to hostile attack. We were received by the Baron in a large hall adorned with trophies of the chase, stuffed otters, foxes, deer's antlers, and, conspicuous over all, an enormous boar's head, the prominent tusks not particularly inviting objects for inspection to a youth about to engage in the pursuit of this formidable animal. In the *salon* we found Madame la Baronne, a homely but most hospitable old dame, her daughters and their governess. The house contained many fine pictures, chiefly of the Flemish school. Hunting scenes by Wouvermans and Snyders, cattle by Cuyp, drinking bouts by Ostade and Teniers. A fine park lay spread out before the windows of the *salle à manger*, and we

had a very social family party in the mansion, with whom riding, boating, and walking formed the outdoor exercise, while dancing and the banquet, with music and conversation, afforded us employment within doors. The Baron was a great sportsman, he had a large stud, of which he was very liberal, and allowed his guests the use of his hunters with a freedom quite refreshing. My father and I very frequently accompanied him in his rides, and I picked up as much knowledge of the habits of the wild boars, and the method employed in hunting them, as enables me to describe it here with some minuteness.

The wild boars are not usually as large as the domestic animals, but make up in fierceness what they lack in size. Their colour is generally grey, sometimes black, and their tusks, both in the upper and under jaw, are some inches long and sharp pointed ; the lower tusks often grow to the length of six or eight inches, and are capable of inflicting severe injury. These boars often do great damage to the crops by rooting up the corn fields, and the farmers combine to attack them. The wild boar,

when fully grown, is no despicable foe. He is very courageous and strong, and takes to the open country when forced from his lair, and when pursued shows great speed. The mode of hunting is as follows : Some hours before dawn four men, - with four hounds called *limiers*—dogs that hunt mute—go to the covert in the forest where the boar is supposed to be concealed, and with lanterns try to track the boar. The *limiers*, once on the track of the boar, never leave it, though hares, rabbits, or deer constantly invite their attention. The four men, each with his hound, select a portion of the forest and draw it closely—this is called *aller du bois* (trying the wood). By a series of circles, each smaller than the preceding, they rarely miss the boar's track ; this they term in sporting phrase *prendre les grandes devants* (taking the great sweep). When the track of the boar is found, a man marks the spot with a *brisée*, or broken branch, placed so as to guide the huntsmen to the chase. The beaters then present themselves in hunting dress attended by their limiers, at the *carrefour* or rendezvous, where a motley assemblage is generally seen.

When we reached the meet, in the centre of a leafy forest, I thought I never beheld a more comical group of Nimrods. Horses of every kind, from the thorough-bred to the Flanders horse, a huge lumbering animal, better adapted to draw a plough than to cross a country, were there. Then the men were quaintly, and the ladies picturesquely, habited. The former chiefly wore what seemed to me regiments, with facings, and cocked hats ; others had velvet coats, many richly embroidered. The ladies' little Vandyke hats and laced habits looked very pretty, and generally they rode very handsome horses. The Baron's pack was well matched. It consisted of about thirty couple, of a breed resembling a cross between stag-hounds and beagles. The huntsman and his *valets des chiens* (Anglicè, whips) wore showy uniforms of green and gold and were splendidly mounted.

Shortly after our arrival the *piqueur*, or huntsman, held a brief parley with our host, and then the work began. One of the *valets des chiens* took ten couple of hounds to the place where the *brisée* was placed, while we waited near the spot the boar was

likely to break covert. With shouts of "*la boie*" (the right way), followed by "*voilà !*" (behold him), the crashing of boughs and the cry of hounds in full chase announced the hunt was up. My father and I kept close to the Baron, and he gave from his French horn the fanfare of the *Sanglier* (wild boar). "*Un ragot*," cried the Baron, pointing to the boar, not a very large sized one, but evidently a tough customer. The hounds now all united and gave chase, and as the hunt led to the open outside the wood, we had good galloping. There were few fences, and these easily got over. There was a lake at some distance, from the midst of which rose a small island, and for this the *ragot* made way. The hounds went at good speed, hoping to overtake the boar before he passed from *terra firma*, but he was too swift for them and reached the water first. In he plunged and swam briskly. The hounds were not to be baffled, they followed, while the horns of the hunters were heard on the banks sounding the *val d'eau* (gone to the water). For some minutes we lost sight of the chase, as dogs and boar were hidden by the flowers, flags, and

reeds growing round the island. The cry of the hounds again announced they were in pursuit, and they evidently had forced the boar from his island retreat, as he again took to the water and made fast for the wood. It was soon evident that poor pig was doomed. The relentless spear of the Baron pierced him on reaching the land. The master struck a fatal spot, just in the nape of the neck; separating the spine at the point called the atlas, and the boar died instantly. The horns gave a fanfare called by the sportsmen *Hulluli*, analogous to our "Who-hoop," and thus terminated my first Wild Boar Chase.

Having bade adieu to our worthy friends, Baron and Baroness von Groot and their charming daughters, we went to Switzerland. I had long desired to see the mighty Alps, and the route we selected brought us into the very heart of the Oberland. We made our head-quarters at Seilor's Pension, at Interlachen, and no one who has so-journed at this lovely spot can easily forget its scenic attractions. I was well supplied with implements of sport for fishing and shooting, and an

old guide, who had attached himself to us as though we were in some way his peculiar property, proved no mean sporting assistant. Under his guidance I enjoyed excellent fishing in the Lake of Thun, and had some shooting in the wild hills around. It was truly delightful for me to climb the bold bluffs, and allow my eyes to wander over the panorama beneath, with the snow-clad peaks of Jungfrau soaring above, and the sun glancing on the waters below. The cry of the Eagle, the lowing of the cows on their upland pastures, the tinkling of sheep-bells—the whistle of goat-herds, all told me of the foreign land in which I rambled, and I possessed that happy state of mind which the troubles and trials of later years so quickly overcloud.

While I was among the Oberland Alps, I was told by my veteran guide, that a peasant boy, aged eight or nine years, was alone at a Châlet some distance from any other habitation—and here he was left, in charge of some cows and goats. While loitering about the Châlet, the little fellow saw two young eagles, not far off on the ledge of a

rock, and noiselessly creeping behind the birds, the boy caught them with each hand. He held on, notwithstanding their screams and efforts to get free. While yet struggling, the boy heard the rushing of wings, and, to his horror, beheld the parent birds flying towards him; luckily his Châlet door was soon reached, and, still clutching the eaglets, the boy fled into the hut. He reached it just in time, for the eagles came swooping down, as he barred the strong log door. The eagles tried in vain to effect an entrance, and kept up most frightful cries during the day and all night, to the infinite alarm of the boy, who knew if the logs gave way, and these infuriated birds got in, his life would pay the forfeit for his taking their young. At last, on the evening of the second day, the boy had the satisfaction of seeing them fly off; and as soon as it was dark, he ran with his captives to the village, where he was received as a little hero, and got the reward, two louis d'or, from the Governor of Berne for his courage in capturing the two eaglets. Louis, for so my old companion was called, had a very intelligent dog, and it was a pleasure to see this faithful animal

anticipate almost the path his master wished to take—Louis and his dog seemed quite inseparable.

"You seem greatly attached to your dog, and he to you," I said. "*Oui, monsieur,*" lie replied, fondling the animal's head as he spoke. We were sitting on a ledge of rock facing the broad breast of the Jungfrau ; "If it was not for my Bernardo, I would not be here now to speak of him."

"Indeed ! How did he save you, Louis ?"

"I had a severe day after Chamois, on yonder mountain," he nodded towards Jungfrau as he continued. "The Chamois, usually hard to get at, were more wary than ever, and I was often baffled by their starting out of range when I thought to have a shot. I feared it was Bernardo frightened them, so I rated the dog to drive him home. I thought he had gone, for I lost sight of him. A tempting shot offered if I could pass a wide crevasse. I cautiously lowered myself to a ledge of rock by using roots of heath and plants that grew from the cliffs. Here I beheld at least a dozen Chamois, browsing below—I had barely standing-room on the ledge, and was forced to lean

over to select a Chamois as a mark for my rifle—one presented an easy mark, he was on the outer range, and stood well-defined against the white snow of an opposite ridge. I steadied myself as well as I could, took aim and fired. I know not if my ball went true, for, as my rifle had not been discharged for some time, it kicked, and the slight shake loosened the treacherous ledge, and down I sank, down, down into the deep crevasse, where I lay for some time insensible. When consciousness returned, I found myself jammed in by a lofty wall of ice, at least twenty feet high, smooth and slippery—the cold was very great, and a mouthful of Kirschwasser, which, luckily, my drinking-horn contained, was a great godsend. Although my condition was very cheerless, it might have been worse—I was quite uninjured, I had standing-room on solid ice, and I never lost heart. I placed my confidence in the good God, and prayed He might release me; I remained for hours, and knew night had fallen, for I saw the stars twinkling in the far-off sky. My thoughts rambled to my Châlet, and I pictured my Adèle, my dear wife,

wondering at my prolonged absence, and restless for my coming back. I tried to cry aloud, but my voice sounded strange down in the depths of the glacier, and of course was unheard among the falling avalanches—the rapids and streams tumbling on the ledges of rock.

"Dawn came, flushing the pale face of the peak just visible from my cell, and then a little hope strengthened with the newborn day. Then came sad thoughts; would the night see me a living man? As this idea crept coldly upon my mind like a slug, I felt benumbed and torpid. At this critical moment relief was near, relief which I owed to my faithful Bernardo. On my chiding him for, as I thought, hindering me from getting within shot of the chamois, he slunk behind the rocks and kept aloof, but evidently did not abandon me, and witnessed my fall. He then started for my Châlet, where he found Adèle sitting up waiting to give me my supper. She grew much alarmed on seeing Bernardo return alone, and her fears were increased by the strange conduct of the dog. He whined and looked up piteously, and then sprang to the

door and scratched at it, as if desirous to be away again. Adèle went into the village accompanied by the dog, and mentioned the circumstance to her father and brothers. The dog leaped about them, yelping and moaning incessantly. They say he actually got a coil of rope in his teeth, as if suggesting that ropes would be needed. The party acted on this hint, and brought a strong rope, such as we use for tying tourists when exploring those difficult Alpine passes Mr. Whimper has so well described in his *Scrambles*. Adèle, my good wife, would not be left behind, but said 'it was her place to go,' and they let her. She brought some food and a flask of wine. When the news spread in the village that Bernardo had returned without me, and that my relatives were starting to look for me, many of the neighbours volunteered to aid in the search. Night was now far advanced, and the first faint streaks of morning were in the sky ere the party, carefully and sagaciously guided by Bernardo, reached the ledge of the precipice whence I had fallen. The depth caused the group to shudder, and, when the fall of the glacier was added, faint hopes were en-

tertained of finding more than my body. My brothers-in-law were brave lads, and by aid of the villagers they were safely lowered to the top of the glacier. I heard, with unspeakable thankfulness to the Almighty, their voices over my head, and knew that succour was nigh. I shouted 'I am alive and unhurt.' This was repeated to the main body of my friends, and gave infinite relief to dear Adèle and the rest of the party. I could hear their cheer of thankfulness, and my drooping heart revived. A rope was lowered which I managed, though with much difficulty, to tie around my body, passing it under my armpits. This done, they commenced hauling, and I was gradually lifted from my icy bed. With great care and exertion I was safely delivered from the jaws of death, and thus I have reason to be grateful to my faithful Bernardo."

I was much gratified by Louis's tale, and during my stay in the neighbourhood we passed part of each day together, to our mutual benefit and profit.

After a glorious month's rambling over peaks, passes, and glaciers we turned our faces towards

home. We left Switzerland by Mount Jura, and traversed France towards Paris. Here fresh invitations awaited us. We were asked by some dear old friends who resided near Chantilly to stay with them during the races. This town, about twenty-five miles from Paris, owes its fame to the noble house of Condé, whose superb palace was anciently its boast. Judging of its splendour from the only remaining portion, the stables, it must have almost equalled Versailles. The vast halls, the riding schools, the ranges of rack and manger, the high cupolas, lofty windows, and various architectural ornaments, displayed in those stables a palace worthy of the Roman Emperor's horse, that the sapient Cæsar designed for Consul. But though the proud race of Condé no longer rules over Chantilly, the cry of hounds, the fanfare of the horn of chase, are heard in the woods and over the plains. Chantilly has periodical races which attract vast numbers, and there are hunting parties arranged to which all disciples of St. Hubert, the patron saint of hunting, resort. While my father and I were at the Château Goumont we saw many

excellent races. They were arranged under the superintendence of the French Jockey Club and shared by the Orleans family, then reigning in France. We also witnessed closely contested matches of pigeon-shooting by members of the Tivoli Club, and a singular French deer hunt, which quite upset all my notions of hunting.

The pictures I had seen representing hunting in France certainly were not calculated to raise my expectations very high. An alley in a forest, with a deer bounding in the distance, followed by a well mounted cavalcade of squires and dames—the former gorgeous in green and gold tunics, cocked hats, and long black boots, with large horns slung by belts. The ladies also tastefully attired, and then a few dogs apparently much more intent on keeping out of reach of kicks, or being ridden over by the horses, than chasing the deer, constituted the representation of *La Chasse*.

Yet I was anxious to see the reality, in order to test the fidelity of the artist's conception, and having got a mount from Lord Henry Seymour, then in Chantilly, we met at the *Place de la Table*

Ronde. This is so called from a vast round table formed of a huge flag, placed in the forest of Chantilly. Here I saw the pack belonging to the Prince de Wagram, well matched, with huntsmen and whips neatly attired, and apparently well mounted. A full meet was there. At least a hundred carriages, and some three hundred cavalry of every description—some good, more bad, but most indifferent, all ready to chase the deer.

With the arrival of the Princes—Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, the hunt began, and then such a scene of confusion as prevailed I never hope to see again in a hunting field. Every one roared and shouted, as if vieing with his neighbour, ladies screamed, men bellowed, and as for the hounds, they were running here, there, and everywhere. To make confusion more confounding, two deer were started, each having the attendance of a portion of the pack, and even these were so constantly headed there was no running. Thinks I to myself, if this is what you call hunting, you are easily pleased. I never was more disgusted, and leaving the scene of disorder amid cries of “*La voilà !*” “*Non !*” “*Non,*

la voi?" "*Où ?*" "*Ici !*" I rode towards the ponds, where seated upon the slope of the hill, were numerous parties of pedestrians very sensibly eating and drinking. The dogs also thought this the most scent-lying spot, for there was no trace of the deer, and all came galloping hither. In fact the chase was but a pretext for a day in the woods, and as I returned my borrowed hunter I praised the fidelity of the pictures, the correctness of which I had before doubted.

CHAPTER VII.

I OBTAIN MY ENSIGNCY—MY FIRST STATION—NIGHTS
AT MESS.

WE often see people push their way to high stations and influential positions, without any apparent cause for their success. If we analyse their characters and trace their progress through life, we will find their success purely owing to their energy of purpose. This faculty enables the possessor to use all the abilities of his mind with the greatest effect. This is not genius or talent, though it often passes for such ; on the contrary, purely intellectual men are often sadly deficient in this respect, and for want of it are driven to the wall. Many live for years pining away unknown and unnoticed, while energetic people shove them aside, and assume positions from which the listless and sensitive man of genius shrinks. It is, therefore, for the ordinary concerns of the world, for the

conflict of daily life, for prospering in business, winning official or professional distinction, a far more serviceable and available gift than intellectual endowment. The latter may be compared to the gold in the mine, valuable but concealed, while the former is like current coin—gold or silver, or more frequently brass, but which is in circulation.

How often do we find in public meetings, where great principles are brought forward and stirring speeches made, the energetic people have everything their own way. Here we may suppose talent and high mental endowments would find due recognition, but unless combined with moral courage and firmness of purpose, the habit of addressing large bodies, and facility of expressing our thoughts clearly and appropriately, the hustling, pushing man of energy, proposes or seconds the resolution, and the man of mere genius is silent and uncalled on. But when energy and genius are combined in one and the same person, the union speedily brings the possessor to the front. He is a leader of men, occupies a high position in the administration of public affairs, commands armies,

directs fleets, reaches the highest offices in church and state, and accomplishes great achievements. A heavy responsibility is imposed on one so gifted, for he is powerful for evil as for good. Evil designs may influence him to organize Rebellion, the sin by which angels fell ; or plunge his country into the desolating track of war, or fanatical frenzy organize persecutions under the specious name of zeal for conversion. While on the other hand, influence for good will direct him to promote discoveries in science, lead a Columbus to spread his sails and add new worlds to our maps, or shed the hallowing blessings of religion and education where hitherto ignorance and heathenism held unbroken sway. Such are the attributes for good or evil which belong to energetic people.

I have been induced to say thus much in praise of energetic people, from the admirable way my valiant uncle, Colonel Martial, worked the oracle to get me my commission in the army. My father having consented that I should adopt the army as my profession, set my uncle to attack the War Office. It was in those days when Lord Fitzroy

Somerset damped the hopes of many an aspirant for the service, by assuring him his name was noted, but the list was so full, in all probability there could be no opportunity for furthering his wishes for years. To Colonel Martial's energetic personal appeal a favourable response was given, and within twelve months from his interview with the Commander-in-chief at the Horse Guards, to my great joy, Terence O'Shaughnessy, gent., was gazetted as ensign in my uncle's old corps, 25th, the King's Own Borderers.

Buttevant was my first station, and I was glad to be so near my family, as I was enabled to show off my handsome uniform in the eyes of all my kith and kin, as also to sundry charming young ladies of my acquaintance. My father and mother were glad to see me settled in some avocation which would give me occupation, and having my outfit ready to pass muster, I drove with my uncle to the Buttevant Barracks, where his old friend Colonel Johnstone was barrack-master. We were most cordially welcomed. The old hands, who had served with my uncle, were delighted to see their jolly old Commander, and

my *tout ensemble* secured me a kindly reception from the subalterns. At the mess my brother officers were kind, and we soon became intimate. My uncle stayed a week with me, which I make no doubt assisted me considerably in escaping those little *désagréemens* which await most youngsters at the outset of their military career. I was speedily initiated into the system of the army regulations, did my "goose-step," my "manual and platoon exercise," carried my musket at the proper angle, marched in due order, and after a few months' drill, was reported fit for duty.

My companions were social and gentlemanly. They associated with the best people in the neighbourhood, and among the events about to take place at the garrison when I joined, was a pic-nic at Kilcolman Castle, which formerly belonged to the author of "The Faerie Queene," only two miles distant from our quarters, to wind up with a garrison ball. The double event gave our mess-man and his staff plenty of work, and we resolved to do the thing in tip-top style. A committee, in which I was included, issued cards in the name of

"the Colonel and officers of the regiment," and we took care to invite every presentable person from Buttevant, Doneraile, Mallow, Fermoy, Charleville, and some from Cork and Limerick. There was a good muster of nobility and gentry. The Rector of Doneraile came, arm-and-arm with the parish priest, to the *déjeuner*, and both contributed much to keep up the festivity of the day.

We were very happy with our Colonel, a fine old warrior, and I cannot instance his character better than by the following recollections of our mess.

The subject of losing money by gambling having formed a topic of conversation, Colonel Bunbury said, "I regret my experience of the misfortune of losing money by gambling was so very near costing me all chance of ever living a soldier. I never think of it without a shudder. As the lesson may serve as a warning to some of you lads, I do not care to spin a yarn, though the task is, in some sense, painful and humiliating. When I was gazetted to my ensigncy I was sent to Chatham, which might truly be said to be the hotbed of vice,

especially gambling. The Albany Card Club had witnessed the wreck of many a youngster's hopes, and here I was taught a bitter lesson. My father was a clergyman, with, as is too often the case, a small income and large family, and when by the interest of a distant relative, Lord Holdhard, my commission was obtained, my father had to borrow a hundred pounds for my expenses, half of which he paid Buckmaster for my uniform, the other fifty he gave to me with strict injunctions to use it as frugally as possible, in providing only such articles as were absolutely necessary for my outfit and regimental expenses. With this sum, which in my ignorance of money I regarded as almost a mine of wealth, I joined the mess at Chatham, and here I was overwhelmed with attentions by needy men, who looked on me as a greenhorn, a bird to be easily plucked. What will not habits of dissipation bring men to! Some of these were men who had attained high rank in the service, field officers, and yet they scrupled not to fleece a subaltern depending on his miserable pay. Men, fathers themselves,

they did not hesitate to prey upon a boy who had just left his father's roof, where he had never seen a card or heard the name of *loo* or *vingt-un*. I was, in truth, an easy victim, and one night's *loo* saw me penniless. My fifty pounds went into the pockets of those men who next day refused to lend me five pounds. What to do I knew not. I was ordered to go with a draft to the West Indies, and required many things for which my fifty pounds would have been ample, but alas, they were gone. Luckily some respectable tradesmen, who knew my father, took pity on my sad position, and these good humble men not only supplied such goods as I required, but lent me money which it took years to repay. Never after this did I engage in play, or refrain from raising my warning voice against it, as I do now, when I felt I might do so with propriety."

We thanked the worthy Colonel for his tale, which was soon supplemented by the experiences of the Chaplain.

"When I was an undergraduate in Trinity

College, Cambridge, now nearly half a century ago," he said, "there was gambling to an alarming extent in the rooms of the students. It was a common practice to begin playing cards on Saturday evening, and continue gambling until the bell rang for chapel next day. You may fancy the state of mind of such worshippers, when I tell you that one, whom I esteemed for many excellent qualities of head and heart, lost at a sitting five hundred pounds playing *rouge-et-noir*. I was pious enough to resist those corrupting influences, but alas! how many fell into them. Debts were contracted at the University by many who afterwards entered the Church, and their whole lives have been a struggle to lessen the load of debt contracted during their University career."

From the subject of gambling by cards we changed to that very proximate mode of gambling —the short grass.

There was a great deal of discussion about turf topics, and the question was broached, "whether the owner of two or more horses starting in a

race, is justified in instructing his jockey which horse he wishes to win with, and directing the riders of the others—merely to cut out the work for the horse thus selected, and to pull up so as to let him in first.” The legitimate object of racing, it was urged, was quite defeated by this preconcerted arrangement, for instead of letting the fastest horse win, it was allowing a less fleet one to come in first—and this, it was contended, was manifestly unfair. On the other hand, those who regarded racing as a sure mode of making money, argued that the owner of horses who had invested his capital in that way, was entitled to turn his investment to the best account, as best he could ; but this the generality of the officers considered was a very narrow view to take, and that the declaration to win, being calculated to deceive the public, who knew nothing about it, was unfair and dishonourable.

Handicapping was our next topic, and anecdotes were related respecting it. “ I was once obliged to have recourse to a strange mode of handicapping,” said Major Wideawake. “ When I was quartered in

Gibraltar, I became owner of an Arab mare, given me by an Algerine chief, to whom I had rendered some service, and who took this method of proving his gratitude. This mare was a veritable clipper, and nothing that could be brought to the post at the garrison races could come near her—she reminded me of what I had read of the famous Eclipse, and I might have offered to place the horses in any race, as Colonel O'Kelly did with his horse—"Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." The stewards put heavy weights on my mare, but still she ran away with the stakes, and I was making lots of tin by her. At last only fancy what they did—for a mile and half race, they fixed my mare with thirteen stone, while the weights on her competitors varied from seven to nine stone. Well, gentlemen, you know what the Gibraltar jocks weigh—about six stone each, and I was not going to break my mare's back with a loaded saddle, or impede the jock by subjecting him to no end of shot belts round his waist. So what do you think I did? I got two of the little nigger boys who ride as jocks, and strapped them together, put them

into a large hunting saddle—which made up the difference to an ounce, and, amidst the cheers and laughter of the garrison, the mare pulled off the stakes and no mistake."

We loudly cheered this happy device of our gallant Major to win the stakes at Gibraltar.

CHAPTER VIII.

PENINSULAR REMINISCENCES—THE BATTLE OF BUSACO.

THE youngsters had an opportunity of hearing the respective merits of the British and French troops discussed by a very eminent French officer who had served under Napoleon, and was spending some time with us. I took down some of his observations, which I thought well worth preserving. He said one day, with reference to the coolness of the British troops under fire—"The attack with the bayonet, which so long availed us, against troops we had beaten in every hand to hand struggle, was attended with severe loss when we encountered the English Infantry. These gallant soldiers stood their ground bravely, and had been trained to fire with precision. At Busaco, Vimiera, Talavera, and Waterloo, our charges availed us nothing but disaster, for our

ranks were decimated by the volleys of Wellington's regiments. Deployed into line, or in squares, we could make no impression upon them ; they coolly awaited the onset of our masses, and we had to fall back without any result. It was just the same dogged courage and steadiness, which in old times gave your countrymen victory at Crecy, Poictiers, and Agincourt. At Talavera the English, deployed at an early hour, and posted wherever it was practicable upon undulating ground, or behind the crests of eminences, were covered by numbers of sharpshooters, who, when falling back behind their lines, lured us to charge. This we usually did recklessly, which was what your generals wanted. The moment the heads of our columns were within half musket shot, your regiments delivered volley after volley, and almost every shot told. This of course threw us into confusion, and then your regiments got the word 'Charge !' which they did with a vengeance. They came upon our broken ranks, and *sauve qui peut* was the word. In trying to raise the blockade of Pampeluna on the 21st July,

1813, Marshal Soult found how little even his great military skill availed against the bulldog courage of your troops."

A very social little Engineer officer, who was always most welcome to our mess, from his store of reminiscences about the Peninsular war in which he had been much engaged, listened very attentively while General Le Fevre was paying this tribute to British pluck.

"The General's remarks," said Captain Johnstone, "are quite true; I have been present at most of the actions he has mentioned, and can add my testimony to his; but you may perhaps not be aware that in regard to one of them, I take some degree of personal pride, which I hope you will deem pardonable after hearing my story.

"I had not long been in the service, when the Peninsular war broke out, and I was one of the Engineer officers sent to do duty with Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington. Young and inexperienced, I soon found the position of a second lieutenant of Engineers a very subordinate

one. I was very hard worked, little thanked, and I panted for an opportunity of earning distinction. It arrived sooner than I calculated.

"One evening in the month of September, 1810, I was taking a quiet walk along the Sierra de Busaco, where our force was expecting to be engaged every instant. I had been very much occupied since daybreak, and walked rather briskly to keep myself awake, but the evening was falling fast, and the mists stealing up from the valley were hiding rock and tree. Tired at last, I sat to rest on a ledge of rock overhanging the Sierra, and with the roots of a cork tree for my pillow I was soon in a deep sleep.

"I hardly recollect where I was when I awoke. The stars were gemming the sky, and a confused sound came from the valley beneath. I knew that Marshal Massena, with at least seventy thousand men, held the opposite country, and with the corps of Marshal Ney, General Regnier, the Prince of Essling, and other able commanders, quite outnumbered our force, which did not exceed fifty thousand of all arms, including the Portuguese

Caçadores, and such like troops, not rated very high in our estimation. I was attached to Major General Crawford's division, and we had Marshal Ney in front. As I have said, we were posted along the ridge of Busaco, supported by Lord Hill's force from Alva, and General Leith's fifth division, which advanced from Mendoza. The gallant Sir Thomas Picton, with his third division—the fighting third, as it was called—with a Portuguese brigade under General Champlemond, were posted on a hill next to General Smith's force, and the line was terminated by the first division, under General Spencer.

"The confused sound which attracted my attention on awaking from slumber soon settled into the low but measured tramp of marching men. I could not be mistaken, and I stretched forward as far as safety allowed, to see what the enemy were doing, as they conceived secretly, for they were out of sight of our pickets. I saw soon enough! Parties of French light troops were concealing themselves all over the breast of the hill, and in the ravine close upon our advanced pickets, and a numerous force would have completely occu-

pied this ground before morning. Not a man was over there the day before, and such a movement was likely to disconcert General Crawford's plans, for the battle was expected to take place early on the following day. I felt the hour for distinguishing myself had come, yet many fears entered my mind. The amount of responsibility was one. What if the General would not believe me—was another. I knew he had given his orders for the next day before I left my tent, and he was so passionate and savage when anything provoked him or thwarted his views, I felt almost disposed to trust to chance, and say nothing of what I had seen. Might I not incur blame for disturbing the General's rest! These reflections oppressed me as I walked slowly towards the General's quarters. It was now 'the wee short hour ayont the twal,' and, with no slight trepidation, I resolved to risk an interview. The sentry before the General's tent challenged me, I gave the word and passed in; a drowsy brigade-major stared at me wonderingly, and a sleepy aide-de-camp, taking me for some intoxicated officer who had lost his way, was

about to pitch into me, when I rather astonished him by demanding to see the General instantly, as my communication was of the utmost importance."

"'What? do I hear aright?' said the aide-de-camp. 'See the General at this hour?'

"'Even so,' I answered.

"'Impossible!'

"'I must see him, be the consequences what they may,' I said, stoutly. I felt I was in for it. I screwed my courage to the sticking-place, and if I was to be tried by court-martial next morning, I was resolved to see the General, then and there.

"The aide-de-camp was staggered. He paused a little. 'It is very hard,' he said; 'I was looking in just now, and the poor General has just fallen asleep, after going round the camp and completing all his arrangements for to-morrow. We have received certain intelligence that we are to be attacked by daybreak, and it is drawing to that even now. Can you not wait?'

"'It is very hard, I feel,' was my reply, 'but rely on me I would not disturb the General needlessly. Every moment is precious. You will

think so I'm sure, when I have told the General the cause of my coming here at this hour.'

"'You must bear the blame, if any,' he said.
'Who are you ?'

"'Lieutenant Johnstone, Royal Engineers.'

"The aide-de-camp timidly tapped at a little box to try and attract the General's attention, but a loud snore showed our valiant commander was unconscious of the noise. The aide-de-camp approached the iron bedstead on which General Crawford slept in his uniform. At the lightest touch he awoke, and rubbed his eyes. 'What, Turner, day already ! I should not have thought I slept so long, I feel very tired.'

"'I should not have disturbed you, sir, but—'

"'Should not have disturbed me,' repeated the General somewhat hastily. 'What the d—l do you mean ? Were not my orders express to call me at daybreak ?'

"'Yes, sir, but the reason for my doing so now is—'

"'Stuff, Turner, I want no reason for your doing your duty. Can we get some breakfast ? A cup

of tea or coffee will be refreshing? Call my brigade-major.'

"'General,' said Turner, 'it is not yet two o'clock, and I would not have disturbed you but an officer insists on seeing you.'

"'An officer; what rank? Has he despatches from the Commander-in-chief? Who the d—l can he be?' The General asked all these questions hastily and angrily.

"'He is Lieutenant Johnstone, of the Engineers, and he gave me no despatches, but insists upon seeing you!'

"'Then he shall, and answer for it,' cried the General, in wrath.

"With a spring like a lion he stood before me. He was a thickset short man, with round bullet-shaped head, and dark piercing eyes, that then gleamed with flashes of anger. He glared at me with some curiosity, and said, 'What is the cause, sir, that you, Lieutenant Johnstone, disturb Major General Crawford's rest at this time of night?'

"I was somewhat nettled by his arrogant tone, and boldly replied, 'Be assured, sir, that Lieu-

tenant Johnstone would not have intruded upon Major General Crawford at this, or any other time, without good cause.'

"He was hardly prepared for my intrepid answer, and it showed him I would not be bullied. At once he said, 'Well, I dare say; but what in Heaven's name do you want with me?'

"'When you formed your arrangements for tomorrow, General,' I said, looking over a large map of the Sierra de Busaco which luckily was outspread upon a table, 'did not you believe this side of the opposite ridge quite unoccupied by the French?'

"'Certainly!' replied the General.

"'And you believed the French light troops posted here, sir?' I continued, pointing to a neighbouring ridge on the chart.

"'I had every reason to believe it, if seeing is believing,' chuckled the General, 'and I am happy to tell you I have a masked battery ready to open fire on them right early in the morning.'

"'Yes sir, I have reason to know it for I measured the ground,' I replied, 'and it is to prevent the

waste of much powder and ball, for the artillery would be playing upon rocks and trees, that I intrude upon you.'

"I then minutely, yet shortly, described what had taken place. The General soon cooled down, bade me take a chair, and followed upon the map the changes of the enemy's position. He saw at a glance the immense importance of my communication, and praised me for having called his attention so promptly to the alteration.

"'I must see to this at once,' he said. 'Turner, let horses be saddled for me, the Brigade Major, and Mr. Johnstone. Can you let me know the range?' he asked me.

"I said 'Certainly,' and we soon made our plans for discomfiting the enemy. We had to alter the disposition of the troops considerably. Behind a plain of table-land near a convent we placed the 43rd and 52nd regiments. In front had been placed the masked battery, which the change in the enemy's position rendered quite useless. This was removed elsewhere, and a brigade of German infantry thrown back as a decoy.

"We hardly effected these movements ere the morning sun glinted upon the tops of the Sierra de Busaco, and as a steaming breakfast awaited the General's return, you may be sure I had a good repast ere the battle began.

"It was the memorable 27th September, 1810. The French formed five divisions to attack our five divisions ; Marshal Ney commanded three, Regnier the others. The men in ambush were so close to our lines that our men would have been surprised but for me, and as they moved to attack us, our batteries, which I had seen in position, played on them with deadly effect. The French, though they quickly perceived that their secret move was discovered and frustrated, pressed boldly on, fighting inch by inch. The Portuguese were nearly cut to pieces, and such as were alive retreated between our third and fifth divisions, while the French pursued them hotly. Having found shelter under the heights of the Sierra, the French formed into columns, and would have silenced the battery where I was stationed, and either cut us down or captured us, had not Lord

Wellington arrived most opportunely on the spot. He ordered up two field guns and poured volley after volley of grape into the French columns, which threw them into confusion. At this juncture he ordered the 43rd and Connaught Rangers, the *Foig-au-bealach* boys, to charge. With an Irish cheer they literally *cleared the way*, driving the French down hill faster than they mounted. Their deadly course was marked by a succession of dead and dying. Ney was baffled on all points. His secret plans having been counteracted threw him out completely, and where he expected no resistance he was met by a withering fire. Soisin's corps, led on by General Simon's brigade, fought desperately, but old Crawford had the 43rd and 52nd ready to slip at them, and like greyhounds from a leash they dashed upon the advancing foe. This turned the advance into a retreat. Three volleys of musketry at five yards distance settled the day, and thus we won the battle of Busaco. I was honourably named in the despatches, and found a steady friend in General Crawford."

CHAPTER IX.

MR. AND MRS. MC GRATH'S DINNER PARTY.

FROM Buttevant Barracks to Cork is a short journey, and our fellows often went to the City on the Lee. I went to the Cork Race Meeting, and stayed at Lloyd's Hotel. One morning a waiter brought me a portentous card in a cream-coloured envelope, sealed with a splashy seal. On opening it I read—"Mr. and Mrs. McGrath request the honour, &c." It was an invitation for dinner, a week off, from my old friends, who by some chance had heard of my being on leave of absence. This would have been by no means a matter of surprise had it been less formal, but when I saw that, instead of the familiar address, 198, Carey's Lane, and the hour five o'clock—the card intimated the dinner was seven o'clock, and the mansion 222, South Mall, I mentally ex-

claimed "*Tempora mutantur*, and Honora has her wish at last—the house on the South Mall."

At a suitable time I proceeded to the South Mall to answer the invitation verbally. A staring house, with the bricks newly-faced, handsome large plate-glass windows, and a well-varnished door, looked not merely respectable, but conveyed an air of opulence to the beholder. I enquired of the stately servant who answered my summons, "If Mrs. McGrath was at home?"

"No, sir. Mrs. McGrath has drove out in the carriage."

"Is Mr. McGrath?" I enquired.

"Yes, sir, if you please to step into the library."

I went into Peter's sanctum, where maps and plans, road contracts and specifications, grand jury presentments and numerous accounts, denoted Peter had not ceased to bring to the aristocratic South Mall, the energy and industry of Carey's Lane. He presently entered, and his manner was as cordial and genial as ever. Yet I found him changed in some respects; the scanty hairs of fiery red which fringed his cranium in early days, were

no longer visible; a brown wig, curled and perfumed, showed that he sacrificed to the Graces, and his clothes were evidently the work of Kean and Turnbull, or some equally respectable tailor. But the change was not confined to his clothes. He seemed to have grown years older, and had not that sprightly, off-hand, lively air which I always previously remarked. He soon enlightened me as to the cause. "You are heartily welcome, Captain," he said. "There is no one I'm better pleased to see than your good father's son."

"Indeed, I am quite sure of it," I said, amused at my speedy promotion; "and having just received this," I pulled out the card, "I thought the quickest way of answering it was to call myself, and say I shall be most happy to come."

"Then there will be one at the 'big dinner' that I'll be glad to have once more with his legs under my mahogany," rejoined Peter, with something of his old manner.

"You used not to dine so late," I said.

"I do a dale now that I usen't to do, Terry, when we knew each other first," he said, with

a sigh ; "an' I don't think I'm a bit the happier for it."

"You have made a good move in the way of house," I observed. "This looks a very fine one."

"Tis big enough for all that's in it," he said, with some bitterness, for his having no child was a sore point with Peter ; "but somehow or other I felt more at home in the small house in Carey's Lane, where I'd ask a friend to come in and take 'pot luck,' and give him a *cead mille failthe*, and a cut of mutton, or maybe turkey and ham, with a tumbler of punch, or the like."

"But surely you do that still?"

"Why then, God help your innocent head if you think so," he replied. "Wait till you are married, Terry, *ma bouchal*, and if you get hould of a wife that wants to be *aping* her betthers, see if you can have your own way."

Whatever little connubial mysteries Peter might have disclosed to my friendly ear, were cut short by the arrival of a carriage, the clattering of the steps, the thunder of the footman's peal, and the

bursting into our conclave of the lady of the mansion.

"Eh! then, it's good for sore eyes to see you, Captain," she said, in the exuberance of her good nature forgetting all her company manners; "but 'tisn't here, in Peter's den as I calls it, I'd have you, but up in my elegant drawing-room. Give me your arm, Captain, and I'll lade you meself."

I then was conducted along a wide corridor, to a very noble room, rather over-furnished, but the tall mirrors, the ormolu clock on the chimney-piece, Sèvres china, marquetry tables, and walnut chairs, superbly upholstered, showed that taste and wealth had not been lavished in vain.

"Upon my word, Mrs. McGrath," I said, "you have reason to be proud of your house. This is as handsome a drawing-room as I ever saw."

"I'm delighted to hear you say so, Captain, for you understand geometry," exclaimed the lady of the house; "it was I choosed the house and the belongings; you know I always longed for a house on the South Mall, and thank God here I am!" Mrs. McGrath had risen from her lounge chair

while making this speech, and by way of emphasizing it flopped back, but missing the chair came plump upon the floor.

I sprang forward to pick her up; luckily the carpet was a rich pile, and her voluminous garments prevented her being hurt.

"There's many a slip you know," she said, laughing; "but I'm glad you are come in time for my dinner."

The way she referred to this forthcoming banquet, which Peter called the "big dinner," hinted it was no ordinary festivity, and I, of course, made no curious inquiries. I asked after her father; he was well, but she seldom saw him. He had promised to spend a few days with them when the Cattle Show took place, but she did not know anything of such shows—she only went to "Horticultural Feasts." I could have enlightened her; the Cork Cattle Show was fixed for the day of her dinner-party, but I omitted to do so. After a stylish lunch, in which there was a great deal of silver and glass displayed, and attended by a butler, who for gravity and solemnity

might have been an undertaker, I left Mrs. McGrath.

“The bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee,”

were announcing 7 P.M. on the day of the dinner, when I found myself standing by the side of an elderly man, habited in a decent suit of frieze, at the door of the McGrath mansion, in the South Mall. He stared at me, and as I returned his gaze memory recalled his name. I said “Mr. Whelan.” “That's my name surely, sir,” said he ; “an' I'm shure and sarten I seen you before, but I disremembers where.”

“At Mrs. McGrath's wedding for one place,” I replied ; “my name is O'Shaughnessy.”

It was perhaps rather fortunate we happened to meet then and there, for, as the liveried footman threw open the door of the well-lighted hall, I saw by the glance he gave at my dusty and travel-soiled companion, he was not disposed to admit him.

“This gentleman is your mistress's father,” I said, in answer to the domestic's inquiring look,

and my statement silenced all opposition. I divested myself of my cloak and hat, and the servant offered to take charge of that of Mr. Whelan also.

"Is it my new hat you wants, young man?" said he. "Why thin, you see, I might lose it among all these hats, so I'll take it upstairs myself, if you please."

The footman asked who he should announce, so I gave him our names. When "Captain O'Shaughnessy," "Mr. Whelan," was called aloud, I tried to catch the countenance of Mrs. McGrath, and remarked she had great tact and self-possession. Poor Whelan was perfectly bewildered. We were shown into the gorgeous drawing-room, blazing with lights from the superb chandelier suspended from the ceiling, from the girandoles on the walls, and from the lights on the mantelpiece. The guests were numerous and all in full dress, ladies in grand toilettes and gentlemen in white ties. When Mr. Whelan heard his name called, thinking he should answer, he said, "Yes, here I am, that's my name shure enough."

Then Peter came forward to shake hands, and he certainly was rather taken aback by the *outré* appearance of his father-in-law. Hospitality, the virtue of Irishmen, triumphed over every other feeling, and warmly grasping his hand, he bade the old man welcome, saying dinner would soon be ready.

"Dinner!" repeated Mr. Whelan; "supper you mane. Why, man alive, I ate my dinner four hours ago, and troth, as I have ben since at the Show I'm lost with the drought."

"Come with me," said Peter, "and you'll find that complaint removed."

He left with our host, and when he reappeared in a suit of Peter's best clothes, which seemed as though they had shrunk on his large frame, looked to greater advantage than before. His daughter cordially embraced him, and kept him near her at table. I handed her down to dinner, and we made Mr. Whelan feel quite at home as he sat next me. There were not many that did feel at ease. The majority of the guests were reserved and formal, as if they were called upon to do something that

was no joke. But for a fine jolly priest, Father Tally, and a little black-headed attorney, named O'Donnell, the party would have been dull as ditch water proverbially is. In addition to the solemn butler already mentioned, there were three others equally solemn, who glided like ghosts around the table. Their movements troubled my rustic friend Mr. Whelan considerably. "Bad manners to them waiters," he said confidentially; "they whip away a man's plate before he has time to swallow a mouthful, and when I axed for a bowl of soup, the fellow spilt half of it down my back." The dishes puzzled him. "Look at here, Captain, see now. here's twenty dishes at laste, and sorra a one that has anything I know. Neither beef nor mutton, bacon or chicken, turkey or tongue. What's them?" he inquired, as certain black *entrees* were being handed over his shoulder

"Cotelettes à la champignon, sir."

"I'll be at the cutlasses and champaign, then," said he, liberally filling his plate. "Be the powers, Captain," he continued, when he tasted them, "I'm in luck. They ate like mutton-chops and mushe-

roons. "Hallo, lad!" he shouted, as a servant was in the act of removing the plate he had just approved of, "lave me something that I can ate, an' God bless you."

Mrs. McGrath, who had Father Tally on the other side of her, amused the good priest by her shrewd wit and natural drollery. She joked with me about the "girl I left behind me," meaning, as I discovered, pretty Mary Hennessy, and I shall never forget her exclamation when the second course was being placed upon the table. Opposite Father Tally was a pheasant, with a long tail feather served up. Turning to me she exclaimed aloud, "Why, then, Terry O'Shaughnessy, may you never die till you have a feather stuck in you like that."

"I must be a General, or perhaps on the staff," I said, diverting the laugh that ran through the room at this singular address.

The second course was rather a greater puzzle to Mr. Whelan than the first. He certainly hit upon an apt name for some preparation of cream which filled up a glass bowl, by asking the gentleman who

helped it to "let him have a taste of the suds." But the climax was yet to come. Dinner was at length over, and the finger-glasses placed before each guest. Mr. Whelan, innocently supposing a bowl with water was for the purpose of drinking, raised it to his lips and tossed off the contents. The empty bowl was removed and replaced by a full one. This was more than Mr. Whelan could quaff. He looked rather indignantly at the bowl, and then, turning to the servant, said, "Do you think I was weaned on red herrings, and able to swallow water like a fish?"

I whispered, "'Tis to dip your fingers in."

"Oh! all right," he said, plunging his hands into the bowl, and wiping them with the tablecloth. Luckily it was by my side, so nobody else perceived this *gaucherie*.

When the ladies retired we closed ranks and grew more social. I found Father Tally full of wit and anecdote. He related some stories of Dan O'Connell's legal skill which amused us. When Chief Justice Lefroy had come fresh from attending a Meeting for the Conversion of the Jews, to preside

at the Cork Assizes, O'Connell, who then attended the Munster Circuit, was retained to defend a man accused of stealing a collection of ancient coins. Among them were some of the Hebrews, and some of the Cæsars. The Judge desired to inspect them. O'Connell, who was then agitating Catholic Emancipation, archly said, "Hand his Lordship the *Jewish* ones, and give me the *Roman*!"

On another occasion, when O'Connell was illustrating the injury which a mill-owner would sustain by the diversion of a water-course, he said, pointing the jury's attention to the rubicund-visaged attorney beside him, "Gentlemen, if the defendant is permitted to injure my client in this way, there wont be water enough left in the stream to make *grog for Fogarty.*"

Mr. Whelan was no wine drinker. "I wonder," he said to me, *sotto voce*, "would Peter object to my having a glass of punch, for I don't feel well after that *bad porter*." This was his allusion to the claret, which Peter said he could recommend.

I used the freedom of an old acquaintance to mention my friend's wish to the butler, who politely

informed me, "The *materials* were on the side-board, if any gentleman wished a *sup of hot*." Mr. Whelan, Father Tally, and I, did wish a *sup of hot*, and our example was generally followed. As the materials grew low, our spirits rose high, and a merry party went to the drawing-room, where tea and music awaited our coming. Thus pleasantly passed off Mrs. McGrath's dinner-party.

CHAPTER X.

A LONG VOYAGE—GIBRALTAR—THE FLYING DUTCHMAN—
A CATASTROPHE ON BOARD SHIP.

FROM Buttevant we marched to Templemore, and I was kindly welcomed by the local gentry. At Kilkenny, also, I had plenty of pleasant society, and hunting to my heart's content. I enjoyed many a social dinner and jovial evening with John Maher—"handsome Jack," as we used to call him—and he was the boy to "send round the bowl." But while marching on, although I may introduce my readers to friends and social details, I shall not bore them with pipe-clay or manœuvres. Of course we had our share of parades, inspections, and reviews, but they are all alike. The only difference consists in the numbers and various arms brought on the ground. The cavalry are seldom as strong as the infantry, and sometimes we were supported by artillery, sometimes not.

One of the movements which we usually went through on days of celebration, such as the sovereign's birthday, and which was sure to attract spectators, was trooping the colours. This, well known to every military reader, may not be equally so to unprofessional ones, so I shall attempt briefly to describe it. The troops are drawn up in two lines, then the band plays and marches across the parade ground in slow time, and returns in quick time. The colour party then moves out from the ranks, and the sergeant in charge hands the colours to the junior ensign, on which the colour party presents arms, and marches between the lines. Having completed their circuit the colour party takes position, and the troops in open columns march past, first in slow, then in quick time.

While stationed in Ireland we were a great deal detached at small out-stations, but this we rather liked. For such of ours as were fond of field sports, were enabled to follow our special tastes, whether fishing, hunting, or shooting. The country families always did the hospitable, and we occasionally indulged in flirtations which led to matrimonial

results. One of ours was near coming in for a case of breach of promise, having gone too far. He made love to the daughter of a parson who resided near the station, and when the family expected him to propose, he called to take leave, as he had to join head-quarters, the regiment having got the route. The family were quite surprised at this unexpected termination of the affair, and as the clergyman was from home his wife determined she would bring the gallant gay Lothario to book. The youth expressed his deep regret at having to leave so pleasant a quarter, and was leaving the house, when the matron requested him to turn into the study, as "she had something very particular to say to him."

However reluctant to comply, the officer was too much the gentleman to refuse, and he not very willingly stood face to face with injured mamma.

"Sir," she said, "you have paid marked attentions to my daughter, do you not mean to propose for her?"

"No, ma'am," he said, very stoutly. "On consideration I could not think of doing so."

"Why not?"

"Because I have too great affection for your child to take her from the comfort and elegance of this house, to share the discomforts and the penury of a barrack-room on ensign's pay."

"Go 'long with you," indignantly retorted the disappointed matron, pointing to the door; "let us never see your deceitful face again, for I know, you schemer, *that you keep a gig.*"

After the usual routine of stations we got the route for India, and I laid in a store of rifles and other weapons, with a view to pig-sticking, tiger hunting, and possibly lion-slaying in the land of the sun.

At length our transport was ready to sail from the Cove of Cork, and the "up and down" sung out from the forecastle—"Stopper the cable, and pull the capstan from the quarter-deck, and unship the bars; all hands make sail." Then suddenly, as if by magic, the shrouds on either side of the tall masts were filled with men. "Away aloft," cried the officer, and up rushed the men with the rapidity of squirrels. Then sung out the same

stentorian voice, "Trice up, lay out," and before my eyes could realize the fact, the giant naked spars, the outstretched limbs of the ship, were clothed with many thousand feet of snowy canvas, perfectly fitted, and made trim. Then followed a rattling of blocks, pulling of ropes, grinding of beams. After this came the orders, "Ship the capstan bars, man the cat and fish," and gliding past Spike Island and leaving Camden and Carlisle forts behind, we bade adieu to my dear old native land. Whatever improvements science may have effected for navigation, I cannot help thinking the picturesque has lost much by substituting the paddle or screw for the sail. The trident has been replaced by the poker as Neptune's sceptre, and "Polly put the kettle on" is a sooty substitute for "Rule Britannia" in the eyes and mouths of the mariners of England.

It was some days before we quite realized our seafaring life. Most of my brother officers and our men were very seasick. I too felt my share of that very unpleasant disorder. We had fine weather while going down Channel. When we

made our sea legs, and were able to walk the deck steadily, it was great enjoyment to feel the freshness of the sea breeze blow into our faces, and to experience the bounding of our gallant bark as it rose and fell with the undulation of the waves. There is certainly much sympathy between the free and hopeful spirit of youth and the fresh and free life we enjoy at sea. It had a beneficial and inspiriting effect upon every one on board. Those of our regiment who regretted leaving friends and home and kindred, for the long absence which the route to India entails, were very low-spirited at first ; before many days on board ship they became gay and jovial. Then long visages resumed a smiling aspect, eyes brightened, and even Mrs. Dismal, the quartermaster's wife, who had, poor thing, to keep her spirits up, ceased grumbling and grew as jocose as her complaining nature allowed. Such of ours as were accustomed to dread opening letters (for it is not always pleasant to be reminded of the length of your tailor's bill, or that your account at the agent's is not in your favour), congratulated themselves that they were free from un-

pleasant epistles for some months to come. Others who did not care for the fag of drill, the discipline of parade, the drudgery of the inspection, the barrackmaster's monthly list of barrack damages, had a respite from such causes of annoyance, and we were all disposed to enjoy ourselves as best we could. Of course there is not much variety in life at sea, but the very regularity of the daily routine serves to fill up the time, and it was our own fault if we did not make the best of our lot. Our time on board was thus passed :—We rose about eight in the morning, and for an hour or so before breakfast we were engaged in our morning ablutions, shaving for the gentlemen and hair-dressing for the ladies. It was a pleasant sight to see how neatly our officers' wives turned out at the mornnig meal, which presented a very pleasant prospect, with hot rolls, fish, salt and sometimes fresh cutlets, and preserved meats. After breakfast we chatted or wrote our diaries, read, or walked the deck when the weather proved fine. Ladies worked as they felt inclined, or if young and pretty indulged in mild flirtations. One who was extremely

delicate, and looked as though she would hardly reach the sunny shore which her friends hoped would prolong her threatened existence, excited much interest. She was Mrs. Thomas, wife of our assistant-surgeon. When she came on board I spoke cheeringly to her, but she could not be roused, and regarded with a mournful gaze the Irish coast then quickly receding as we bowled along with a fair breeze. It was touching to see how respectful even the roughest of our men, or the burly sailors, as they sturdily moved about the deck, behaved, when they came near to where Mrs. Thomas was reclining ; the hoarse voice was hushed or the words muttered in whispers, the half uttered oath was left unspoken. Even little children, who, in the careless glee of youth, raced madly everywhere else, stole on tip-toe past Mrs. Thomas, fearing to disturb her quietude.

I was agreeably disappointed with the Bay of Biscay O ! I had expected rolling billows and the waves mountains high. Yet we encountered none, neither dreadful storms or mountainous waves. We caught glimpses of Cape Finisterre, and before

meeting the tranquil waters which wash the Spanish coast I was able to make out Cape St. Vincent and Cape Trafalgar, both recalling the proud memories of Nelson's gallant victories.

As we had to land a draft of the 92nd Highlanders at Gibraltar, I was glad to have the opportunity of seeing this famous fortress. The scenery of the bay is truly fine. Away to the left I beheld an amphitheatre of mountains, with Algesiras nestling under their sheltering crests. Fronting them lay the small town of San Roque, and in the background the famous mountains of Grenada, the Sierra Nevada. These highlands have grown familiar to most readers of history, from the romance and chivalry with which they are associated in the brilliant pages of Washington Irving's Conquest of Grenada, and Prescott's Lives of Ferdinand and Isabella.

I was glad to accompany our Colonel and several of our officers on shore, and gazed with interest upon the rock fully fifteen hundred feet in height, bristling with cannon which showed their muzzles from numerous forts and batteries. I could not

help comparing the white-walled houses perched at the base of the rock, to sea-gulls nestling near the shore. From every part of the rock to which I rambled or rode, I was struck with the strength of this citadel, which owes as much to nature as to art, when the solidity of rock is aided by rampart and curtain, ravelin and embrasure. On reaching the summit a grand panorama was before me. Beneath lay the town with its varied population ; Spaniards in embroidered jackets, Jews in gaberdines, Moors in turban and shawl, Highlanders in bonnet and plaid, soldiers in red and sailors in blue. The straits separated us from the coast of Tangier, and the continent of Africa spread south far as the eye could reach, while, on every other side, lay the Spanish hills and vales, recalling tales of love and war.

The Highlanders having disembarked we resumed our voyage, which went on just as I have previously mentioned. We saw several porpoises, and the black blubbering monsters seemed to play leap-frog in the waves, tumbling over each other with great agility. As we got into warm latitudes

birds and fish grew more abundant. Cape pigeons seemed utterly indifferent whether we shot them or not, and our youngsters had plenty of practice, though I saw no sport in taking them down, as they fell into the sea, and of course we never stopped to pick them up. The albatross also followed us for days. They seemed to me to take rest on the crest of a wave, where, folding their heads beneath their wings, they go off as comfortably for a snooze as if in a nest. These birds are of large size and great strength of wing, which alone would enable them to bear the fatigue of following a ship making sometimes close on 300 miles in a day. We sometimes fished for sharks and caught them, and a school of whales more than once broke the monotony of our voyage. We had long left St. Helena behind, where we visited the tomb of Napoleon, and when off Cape Voltas we suffered the tedium of a calm. Here we beheld what the sailors believed to be the dreaded Phantom Ship. Most sailors and many landsmen know the legend of the Flying Dutchman, who, when trying to double the Cape of Good Hope, encountered a terrible gale.

It blew so steadily in the teeth of the seamen whom Mynheer Vanderdecken commanded that he could make no way. He tried one tack, then another, but all in vain ; he lost more than he gained, and day after day the wind was dead against him. A passionate and profane man was Vanderdecken, for he swore that "double the Cape he would, though he should beat about till the day of Judgment."

It is said that, as a judgment on the scoffer, the Almighty took him at his word, and he, with the ship, is still beating about the Cape of Good Hope, though not often visible to human eyes. The Phantom Ship is generally seen in wild and stormy weather, when it invariably prognosticates foul weather to the vessel that has the misfortune to come in her course. If, on the other hand, she is seen in calm weather, disaster is sure to follow the vision, so that in storm or calm the Dutchman brings misfortune. The appearance of the Phantom Ship has been described as of antique build, carrying a press of sail, and mariners have declared that, when the storm is at the highest, the spirit of

Vanderdecken is seen at the poop with his speaking trumpet in hand, venting forth his appalling curses against the wind which prevents his doubling the Cape. Certainly we were then on the very spot where the Flying Dutchman was supposed to be cruising, and there, on the horizon's verge, loomed an antique square-rigged ship, her sails apparently drawing full, while ours were hanging loosely from the yards. It was towards evening when we saw this ship, and as the sailors came forward to sight the vessel they declared no ship with such a rig had been built for a century. She was very like what we read of or saw in old books ; her stern was round and high above the water, and we could make out a crowd of men upon her deck.

"If the wind freshens I'll make him out," said our plucky old captain ; and through the night many a heart yearned for a breeze, while others as devoutly prayed they might never again behold the Phantom Ship.

About dawn a breeze sprang up, and the captain at once made sail and bore down to the spot

where, the evening before, we had seen the mysterious stranger. We had the guns our transport carried shotted, in case the stranger proved, as was suspected, more of a pirate than a phantom ; and as the light grew stronger we looked out eagerly for the vessel which caused such anxiety. To our surprise; the stranger was nowhere to be seen. Whence she came, what she was, or whither she went, is a mystery to this day. The captain thought she was a slaver, but the men fully believe she was Vanderdecken's Phantom Ship.

At all events she brought us ill-luck. Ere we got round the Cape an accident occurred, attended with very sad consequences. The wind was blowing what sailors call half a gale, when suddenly the cry of "Man overboard !" caused a rush to the side of the ship. A seaman had been blown away from the maintop cross-trees. There was a heavy sea rolling, and no time was lost in lowering a boat to pick up the seaman. The captain gave orders to tack, so as to bring the ship as near as he could to the place where the man was swimming, but there was such a press of sail it was no easy

matter, and we could see the boat tossed like a shuttlecock upon the stormy sea. The men on board the boat, twelve rowers and coxswain, pulled stoutly, but when about a quarter of a mile from us the boat was struck by a wave and capsized. With a thrill of horror we beheld fourteen men then engulfed, and another cutter was lowered to render assistance. She was swamped alongside, and her crew of thirteen shared the perils of their comrades; and all we could do was to pitch wooden gratings, life-belts, buoys, spars, anything that offered a chance of escape for drowning men. We then launched a larger boat, into which a gallant crew leaped, each man taking the precaution of putting on a life-belt before entering into the boat. With our fervent prayers they pushed off, and picked up many of the men of the second boat, but of the first there were only six alive of the thirteen who so lately left our deck to succour their comrade. Two of these lost were sub-lieutenants Jukes and Talbot, brave and gallant fellows as ever stepped a plank. Those who were picked up were half dead from fatigue, and hold-

ing on by the capsized boats. This sad event cast a gloom over the ship, which only time could remove. We had, however, plenty of matters to occupy our thoughts on reaching the Coromandel Coast.

CHAPTER XI.

OUR LANDING—THE MONSOON—WILD SPORTS IN THE EAST.

“ Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground ; long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done ! but I would fain die a dry death.”—*Tempest.*

OUR feelings on board the Ariadne were very much those which Shakspeare puts in the mouth of Gonzales ; we longed for *terra firma*. In due time we sighted the Coromandel Coast, and the sun, a ball of molten fire, was settling to his warm work when the lofty terraced roofs of Fort St. George announced our proximity to Madras. No sooner had we cast anchor in the roads, than we were surrounded by shoals of the native population, some in their massoolah boats, which, for the purpose of flexibility, I may inform the uninitiated, are shaped like walnut-shells, and composed of thin planks literally sewn together with

cocoa-nut fibres. It was a wonderful sight for us, just arrived, to see these cockle-shells floating on the crests of billows, that would instantly have swamped a cutter, while, on the other hand, the catamaran, another species of boat used in these seas, is built of three logs of timber strongly fastened, the middle log projecting for the bow. These only contain a single rower, who rejoices in the soubriquet of Catamaran Jack, and when this bold mariner is washed overboard—an event of such frequent occurrence as to occasion no disquietude—he seems as much at home in the water as in his boat, which he regains with little difficulty.

At Madras we enjoyed a great deal of society ; balls, pic-nics, and excursions of all kinds, when the weather allowed, were the custom of the country. As I have, however, no intention of making these recollections of my life in the East anything more than a part of my Sporting Career, I neither undertake to provide accounts of *fêtes* for the ladies or military events for my brother officers, but proceed with a round unvarnished tale of such sporting achievements as found a place in my diary.

We were most fortunate in reaching Madras before a monsoon burst. Never shall I forget this fearful storm. I noticed that morning small fleecy clouds rise from the horizon, which seemed in time to expand into a thin veil of mist and overspread the sky. This gradually included the sea, and the heat grew suffocating. As day wore on the darkness increased. Heavy masses of clouds drifted from seaward, accompanied by sudden gusts, which blew violently for a few moments and then suddenly ceased. These were the heralds announcing the coming storm. The sky then underwent a change ; instead of darkness brooding like a pall, there was a brassy glare, as the sunlight glinted upon the clouds which hung before the face of the luminary. In the words of the poet—

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun, yet struggling through a cloud ;
Through the wide atmosphere, condensed with haze,
The glowing orb emits a sanguine blaze.

Shortly after noon the gloom again prevailed, and by three o'clock darkness enveloped land and sea. The wind, which at first only blew in gusts,

increased in violence and frequency, and sweeping the surface of the roadstead blew showers of spray inland. Torrents of rain were drifted by the wind, and added to the roar of the sea as the waves broke hoarsely upon the strand. I watched with a terrible fear, but not without pleasure at the grandeur of the spectacle, the progress of the monsoon. The wind darted upon the deep, and seemed to scoop the ocean, and played with the sea as it listed. Now it came with irresistible fury upon the woods, and the tufted heads of the cocoa-trees were bowed almost to the ground. Lightning flashed in broad sheets, and thunder bellowed as if the earth was bursting with violent explosions. Fish, of some inches in length, were literally blown out of the water and fell high and dry upon the roofs of houses near the beach. The monsoon usually lasts for some days, and is accompanied by heat almost intense, for the air grows so heavy that breathing is hardly attainable. Not the least inconvenience of this tropical visitation arises from the swarm of ants, cockroaches, lizards, scorpions, toads, and serpents which, strong in their numbers,

take almost undisputed possession of the houses in Madras. I was not sorry when the cessation of the elemental war allowed of my going into the cantonment and visiting my friends, who related to me many casualties during the height of the monsoon.

Almost the first sport I witnessed in India was falconry, which recalled the memory of home and my early predilection for this pastime. I may perhaps give you some idea of the Indian method. The hawks there flown are called *goolalee chusm*, resembling our short-winged hawk, and *seeah chusm*, the long-winged hawk of our climate. Their mode of training is much the same as with us, and this, as I have already described, I need not repeat. The hawks usually trained of the short-winged kinds are the *baz* and *joora*, brought from a place called Mundee Belaree. They are flown at partridges, wild ducks, geese, peacocks, and cranes, also crows, curlews—indeed at anything the falconer flies them at. We often killed as many as ten partridges with the same *baz* or *joora* in a morning, which, indeed, is the only time for any kind of sport in tropical countries.

As may be supposed hunting in India is a work of some difficulty, but from my experience I should say was carried on about Calcutta better than in any other portion of our Oriental dominions. The kennel was near the river Hooghly, and here some five and twenty couple of English fox-hounds had their habitation. The hunting season was shorter than ours ; in other respects much the same, beginning in November and closing with January. Our meets ranged from fifteen to sixteen miles radius, the kennel forming the centre of the circle. The time for throwing the hounds into covert differed considerably from that to which we are accustomed in the British Isles. We were under the necessity of being up all night not to be late in the morning, for if we did not commence by four A.M. we might as well let it alone. By nine the heat was intense, so we usually went from the mess to the meet, and vehicles of all sorts, carriages of every shape and size, from the swell drag with its team of four horses to the modest buggy, were in request. Though we styled the chase *fox-hunting*, our game was rarely the *modireen ruadh*, as we

say in Ireland. Such foxes as I ever saw were very small, not bigger than hares, but perfect foxes. Our huntsmen were not very choice so long as we were chasing, thus the lion's provider or jackal, often a jungle cat, and not unfrequently a pariah dog, was hunted. Anything that showed sport was all we looked for, and we seldom had a blank day. I was usually well mounted, for my friends who had horses to dispose of placed them in my hands, and asked me to show them off to the best advantage. This confidence, I am proud to say, usually resulted in their selling their horses, after my riding, at high figures. We sometimes went hog-hunting, and spearing these animals is no easy task. They usually show fight, and are very fierce. While pig-sticking in India my thoughts often flew back to early days, and I remembered how, in company with my father, I had hunted the *sanglier* or wild boar in the Belgian woods, when the jolly old Baron von Groot led the hunt with his well-trained pack, and brought down the boar with a thrust of his hunting spear. Another land and a different

clime witnessed my operations, but the love of the chase was the same in Asia as in Europe.

In the Neilgherry Hills very large and fierce tigers do a great deal of mischief. They are therefore objects of especial hatred to the natives, who mark a tiger for a shikar (or hunter) with great glee. The chase is not a safe one, and many a brave hunter has had to rue the pursuit of these ferocious animals. One of the most fatal was the case of an officer who was at the Bandypoor bungalow, when a coolie told him that a large tiger, from the Neilgherry Hills, had taken some bullocks from the neighbourhood, and was still lurking near a nullah (or small stream) close by. Captain Howell was an ardent sportsman, and, having his trusty rifle at hand, went forth in quest of the tiger. Having sighted the beast he fired no less than thirteen balls, every one of which hit the powerful animal. Roused to fury by the pain of his wounds, the tiger stole near his foe, made a most prodigious leap, and seized hold of Captain Howell, who was quite unaware of his perilous proximity. Once in the beast's grasp, when no succour was near, it was soon over with

the hapless sportsman. The wounded tiger mercilessly tore him with its claws, and, leaving him dying, crawled but a few yards, when he, too, fell dead from the effects of the thirteen balls, all of which were found in his carcase.

Travelling in India is very different to a similar undertaking in European countries, where well-ordered hotels receive the wearied traveller. In the East no obsequious landlord, or active waiter, and assiduous chambermaid, all smiles and civility, greet your approach. In the absence of these emblems of civilization, the Indian traveller has to rest and be thankful for the shelter of the "bungalow," built at stages from sixteen to twenty miles asunder; and as the motto, "First come first served," is the rule of the road, an early arrival is necessary to ensure such accommodation as the bungalow affords. Here the peon, as the official in charge is styled, is bound to keep a supply of provisions for the refreshment of travellers, and, if necessary, to cook them; but if the wayfarer desires a change from curry and rice, he had better not trust wholly to the food provided by the peon.

Having been well instructed as to these matters soon after my arrival, I got as good accommodation as the line of route on which I journeyed afforded, while less provident or uninformed wanderers had to share the verandah and put up with many inconveniences.

Certainly I much enjoyed the early start, some hours before daybreak, when I beheld the veil of night slowly drawn from the face of nature, and saw herds of wild deer trooping forth to browse. It is not easy to get within range of these animals, and, indeed, sporting is not always attainable in these regions, not so much for want of game, but from the insupportable heat. There are, however, immense tracts, such as the Himalaya Mountains, where sport of all kinds—hunting and shooting, from a tiger to a jackal—may be followed with as much zest, and in as temperate a climate, as in the greater part of Europe. A shikar dour (or sporting tour) in this country is very enjoyable, and occasionally I fell in with animals never met in home quarters out of a menagerie—chetahs, bears, and tigers. The chetahs, or hunting leopards, are themselves trained to hunt deer. They are very

apt scholars, and I remember accompanying a native chief of Rajpoorah, near Umballa, to see his chetahs hunt antelopes, the shuter suwars (canal couriers) having reported a herd of these deer were browsing in the neighbourhood.

We mounted a flat cart on two wheels, similar to the natives' farming carts, drawn by two bullocks, and the chetah was secured by a collar and rope. His eyes were covered by a leathern hood, which was removed when we got within a hundred and fifty yards or so of the unsuspecting herd. Then he was unhooded and let loose. Stealthily making his way, he singled out a noble buck, and a capital hunt ensued. The antelope was at last pulled down, and the keeper again hooded the chetah.

Bears are considered the most formidable animals to pursue. If a tiger or chetah is wounded and gives the hunter chase, he may manage to escape by climbing a tree or rock, and the wounded beast may growl at the bottom; but Bruin is not content with such proceedings. He climbs too, rather better than his enemy, and it is very dangerous to attack a bear single-handed. Two resolute men

armed with spears should be of the hunting party, for if the bear comes to close quarters and he gets a spear into his mouth, he throws himself back and strives to push out the spear with his paws. Then the second lancer comes into play ; he should plunge his spear into the bear's chest, and, with the shikar knife, cut the tendons between the fore-paws, which disables pursuit. Bears are extremely formidable from their great strength, and even in the agonies of death are highly dangerous.

Being well armed with one of Prince's breech-loading carbines and shell bullets to match, I accompanied some officers bear-hunting among the rocks of the Himalayas. We found many caves of which the coolies told us bears had been tenants ; but they were of a roving disposition, and, disturbed as they had been by hunting parties previous to our call, were not at home. We lighted some fires, to try and get out the bears from a deep cave, as they lie close, and it is often very difficult to make them break cover. Having waited a considerable time, until the fires had burned out, we gave them up as a bad job. After a tiresome blank day I parted

from my companions, and was returning to my quarters when I perceived another cave, which had escaped our notice in the morning. The view from this cave was magnificent. I looked down upon a steep valley, and could see the rest of our party crossing a wide ford, and their beaters forcing their way through plantations of sugar-cane. High overhead rose the lofty peaks of the Himalayas, usually white as snow, but now mellowed by rosy tints of evening, while the sun was glinting on the mountain-tops. As I paused to admire this glorious sunset, my coolie called my attention to a dark object, moving nimbly up the track leading from the sugar plantations to the cave near which we stood. By the aid of my field-glass I saw it was a bear, of considerable size. I was not long in preparing to give him a warm reception. As he drew near it was evident he detected our proximity, for he snarled and growled, as if disgusted at our intrusion. He had need to be. Selecting the white patch of skin, shaped like a horse-shoe, in front of the chest—the most vulnerable spot in the bear's carcase, for the lungs lie behind—I took deliberate

aim and fired. The shot told, for, with a fearful yell, the bear rolled on his back quite dead. The shell bullet had exploded, and thus, single-handed, I had killed a full-grown bear. My shot called the rest of our party to where I brought down the bear, and, as they viewed his great size, I felt not a little proud of my exploit. But I was not always so successful. Many a day proved blank, and many a time have I returned as empty handed as when I set out. Nor did I wholly escape from the claws of the beast. I took my chance as others did, and no one can be a shikar without getting scratched.

CHAPTER XII.

INDIA—PLACES OF INTEREST—TRAVELLING—MY FIRST TIGER—THE RAJAH OF JHEEND AND HIS SPORTS.

SO much has been written about India of late years, that, in this narrative, I have no ambition to be enrolled as a tourists' guide of that immense territory, a distinction which, by the way, I gained in the very first book I ever wrote.* I was assured by Baron Greene, an eminent judge of the Irish Court of Exchequer, that he saw this juvenile production of mine carefully studied and used as a guide-book through the glorious highlands of Switzerland. The fearful Indian Mutiny has made us familiar with Cawnpore, and with Delhi seated like Rome in the midst of the Campagna, and boasting, like the Eternal City, of its monuments—the tomb of Sufter Jung, the Contab, a trifle taller

* "Impressions at Home and Abroad." Smith and Elder.
London. 1837.

than Trajan's Pillar, soaring to the height of 260 feet. Lucknow is especially memorable for its heroic defence under my gallant old acquaintance General Inglis. I had known Inglis a jolly captain in the 32nd. I picked him up one morning when I was driving on an Irish jaunting-car. He was returning from a ball, driving tandem, and the horse in the shafts had fallen and broken the shafts, so he could not get on. I gave him a seat into the barracks of Clonmel, and we sent out help to his servant, who remained in charge of the horses and the broken gig. His name will live in the annals of British heroism, therefore I place it in all its bright integrity, among the assumed ones here.

Of Agra, indeed, were I so minded, I could relate many sights worth seeing, but they have already been often described, more at length and minutely, than I could venture to essay. Ackbar's Tomb at Secundra, and the famous Taj Mahal render Agra famous. Some notion of this magnificent mausoleum may be formed when I state, on good authority, that its building employed twenty

thousand men for twenty years, and cost three millions sterling. But these details do not form part of my sporting career, so I resume my chronicles of sporting by flood and field.

Travelling in India is now so well known that slight description is needed. From Calcutta to Benares I remember being dragged in a roomy sort of stage-coach, not quite so fast as in an express railway train, seeing that our mode of locomotion, instead of a fast engine puffing, hissing, and snorting, at the rate of forty miles an hour, were the wretched coolies, who dragged the carriage along at the rate of about four. There was, for a considerable portion of the route, no scenery to boast of ; paddy-fields stretched their monotonous surface, varied by occasional clumps of palms. The early dawn tempted us to leave our carriage for a stretch on foot, and we remained outside passengers on the box-seat until the heat of the noonday sun compelled us to seek refuge in the cool of the interior.

It was with considerable gratification to us, though I doubt if our coolies shared our sensations, when

the hilly tract of Rajmahal was reached. Instead of desolate tracts, where no shady trees cast their boughs around and refreshed the sight with their verdure, where the flat surface stretched in interminable plains, with few living sights or sounds—we beheld woods and streams, and saw the busy band of men working at the Burdwan coal-mines. Indeed, we had rather more water than was desirable, for the river Soan was swollen and delayed us in crossing. We crossed the Ganges in order to reach Benares, which city, as well as the river, is regarded with great reverence by the natives.

I am not going to inflict a description of towns, so content myself with an account of such sporting events as occurred while I was quartered at Benares. I was invited by a native prince to join his hunting party near the village of Bisohah, which I reached from Herside. I was struck with the crowd of horses, elephants, and men on foot who attended the prince, and, as he was seated in his howdah, he was followed by as large a tail as the celebrated Irish Agitator ever reckoned. His highness was very courteous to me, and I was soon seated on an

elephant, but found my first efforts at shooting from the back of this huge animal, instead of my accustomed supporters, by no means conducive to steadiness of aim. The howdah is all very well if the elephant is stationary, but when he moves, and you have but a moment to take aim at a bounding deer or a scudding hare, the chances are strong against your hitting.

We started some boars, and these we contrived to bring down. When the boar was not killed, but wounded, and incapable of further flight, the mahout (or elephant driver) would force an elephant to crush the poor wounded pig, and, however reluctant the elephant to comply, he was always forced to obey the mahout. After considerable delay we came at last upon a royal Bengal tiger. It was something different from fox or boar hunting to find myself *vis-à-vis* to so huge a creature, and I own I was not sorry to be out of the reach of so formidable a foe, as I felt in my howdah. I had a good opportunity for a shot, and taking steady aim the crack of my rifle broke the quiet of the jungle. The ball pierced one of the

tiger's eyes, entered his brain, and with a bound forward, he fell dead at my elephant's feet.

Emboldened by my success in slaying the formidable tiger, I was ambitious to encounter the monarch of beasts—the kingly lion. This was not so easy of attainment. Lions are now seldom met with, in consequence of the rewards offered by Government having led to their extirpation from many districts. Again, the lion is easier to discover than most animals, for while the cat-like tiger skulks among the swamps and jungles, and his bound is at all times uncertain, the lion prefers the open, and is safer to attack.

When stationed in the neighbourhood of Jheend I made acquaintance with the Rajah, who was an eccentric character in his ways. An amusing story is related respecting his marriage with the daughter of a potent chief of Schahabad, when the nuptial ceremony was to be performed with all the splendour and solemnity worthy so auspicious an alliance. The *elite* of the province were invited to grace the nuptials, and they came in gorgeous array, each chief

With dusky suite sublime and mute.

Umballa sent forth its princes, Rajpoora and Patialah their respective rajahs, and each vied with the rest in the gorgeousness of his equipments, the number and splendour of his followers. The bride and her relations were assembled ; all had come but the bridegroom. He was known to be neither—

A laggard in love or a dastard in war,

like the rival of young Lochinvar, but had the reputation of being a bit of a rake as well as a brave warrior ; yet he was wanted. He was waited for ; still he came not. Such a state of affairs was unknown to the oldest inhabitant, and the princes and rajahs grew impatient, and then irritable. The potent chief of Schahabad felt indignant at such treatment, and the poor bride was in despair. Nobody coming to marry ! nobody coming to woo !

Intelligence was sought of the missing bridegroom. Was he ill ? No. Had he forgotten the day ? No ; he had been seen gorgeously attired in a wedding robe that blazed with jewels and did credit to his tailor and his taste. Where was he ? The play of *Hamlet* without Hamlet was impos-

sible. The marriage of the Rajah without the Rajah or his proxy was equally so ; the Rajah of Jheend could not be dispensed with. Trusty scouts were forthwith despatched in every direction that could be thought of to seek his whereabouts, and, at last, he was found. Where ? In his riding-house training a young horse. He was teaching the young idea how to cross country, and forcing him over a succession of leaping-bars with such delight that he forgot he was waited for to be married. Of course he was very sorry, and when apprised of his negligence quickly changed his horse's back for the howdah of his elephant, and he made the *amende* to the bride and her friends in fitting speech.

In company with this eccentric personage, the Newaub Amau-od-Deene, and their suites, I set off to seek the haunts of a lion in the neighbourhood of a village named Pewor, in the Rajah's territory. We were not long left in doubt as to the proximity of the lion, for the carcase of a huge bullock showed he had done the work of death. A small grove of trees was close at hand, which we proceeded to beat, and the mahout who bestrode the Rajah's elephant having dropped his aukoos, used in urging

on the beast, the passionate Rajah bade him descend and pick it up. He instantly obeyed, and had it not been for the wonderful sagacity and promptness of the elephant we should have seen the last of the mahout. Scarcely had that functionary reached ground than the lion, with a bound, leaped from the covert and seized the man. The elephant was greatly attached to the driver, and, as quick as thought, grasped a tree growing over the spot where the lion stood, and with its trunk bent it like whalebone over the lion's back, crushing his ribs and forcing him to loose his hold on the mahout, who crawled from the formidable foe. The lion, held fast by the elephant, formed a target for our rifles, and soon succumbed. He was a full-grown lion and of great size.

The lion was not our only prey while in this neighbourhood. We encountered some deer of the Jaareel stag kind, which we shot. These deer prefer the woody districts to the open, and frequent the mountains. They are not very often met with in the lowlands, and in summer-time seek the highest ranges compatible with obtaining food.

It is only in the winter, or when food cannot be had in the mountain tracts, they descend from their eminences. When the snow lies sufficiently deep the natives track these deer by their footprints, as hares are often tracked in Ireland. The deer resemble, in some respects, the Red deer, especially their antlers, which are so like in shape that the superior size of those appertaining to the Red deer, makes the only difference. They are curiously coloured—dark brown prevailing, with a patch of white extending from the haunches up the back.

A herd of wild elephants having been sighted, my friend the Rajah sent me an invitation for as many of our garrison as could muster, to join the chase. This put us all on the *qui vive*, as it promised a novel sport—very different from any we had previous acquaintance with. The colonel, nearly all the officers off duty, and more than half our men, marched to the Rajah's encampment, where a vast concourse assembled to beat the jungle. We had several potentates of high rank, and the friendly Rajah gave me some instructions which were of great use when we were engaged in the

chase. I had to avoid branches of trees by keeping my body below the level of the elephant's back, or, if a bough had to be avoided on its rebound from the rushing elephant, I was to swing on the opposite side of my elephant, holding on by my hands, and when the danger was past, climb once more to my seat. These acrobatic lessons had been repeatedly practised, until I could execute them with agility. I was then commended by his Highness, and provided with a looped rope to hold by, and a small pad, stuffed with straw, for my saddle.

At last the wild elephants were started, and we gave chase. Never did I partake of a more exciting one. In front were a dozen wild elephants, tearing along at full speed, crashing through jungles, breaking boughs, and trampling small trees, hard as their unwieldy size would allow, and we after them, jostling and jolting, while I never was so hard set to keep my seat. Talk of fox-hunting in a close country, it was nothing like this! One moment I was lying on my face to avoid an impending bough, or sliding down the side of my quadruped, to save my scalp. The next minute I

had to climb to my little pad, as we were in an open glade, and again we dashed through the overarching trees. We had some fences, too, which were not exactly like those of Duhallow or Leicester, and not flying jumps, but drains or nullahs, into which we dropped suddenly, and only emerged from with great difficulty. After a long and severe burst, we closed upon the wild elephants, and then ensued a tumultuous scene. The riders of the tame elephants succeeded in noosing the wild ones, and, as these were hemmed in by tame elephants, each dragging a different way when their wild captives struggled to get free, they were soon brought to obedience. We captured altogether six elephants out of twelve, which was not a bad day's sport.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HIMALAYAS.—FOREST AND JUNGLE.—THE KORAH.—
INDIAN HORSE FAIR.—RETURN TO BALLYHOOLEY CASTLE.

QUITE oriental in their magnificence stretch the lofty Himalayas. I have traversed the finest scenery of the Swiss Alps; gazed with awe upon the majesty of Mont Blanc; followed the peaks of the Oberland mountains as they pierced the sky, and admired the splendid passes of Mount Jura; yet they pale and dwarf before the vast range on which my sight rested, as I gazed from the summit of Jheopoore, bounding the valley of Noyokot. Glorious, indeed, are mountains at all times, whether piercing the blue vault of the summer sky, high in mid-air as the eye looks upwards, or robed in white by the winter's snow, they are always beautiful, and delight us in every stage of life. In childhood we turn to them, thinking, in our simplicity, they are ladders by

which we may climb to heaven ; in middle life they look cool and invigorating when we are weary and full of care ; in age we see them no less reverently. Clouds rest upon these majestic monuments of Almighty power, and bursting into showers, the rain descends upon the hills, then streams well out and swell into rivers fertilizing the plains. The lowest level—if such a word is applicable when describing mountain ranges—is said to be 15,000 feet, the estimated height of Mont Blanc, while the Dawalogiri—reckoned the highest mountain in the world—towers aloft to the stupendous height of 28,700 feet. Here were altitudes sufficient to dwarf the mightiest Alpine passes I have ever shuddered over—and the white peaks glistened in mid-air as the sun's rays fell upon their sharp points.

I passed some pleasant days in these primitive regions, and had some sport. The musk deer, from which the perfume called by its name, musk, is obtained, frequents the glens, and the animal is eagerly pursued for the sake of this valuable article of commerce. Wild mountain sheep,

chowrie bullocks, and goats, are the animals chiefly met with; while falcons, and other birds of various kinds—wild duck, snipe, and jungle fowl, the last a very beautiful bird, not unlike our pheasants, are to be found. It is not easy to distinguish the jungle fowl from pheasants, but the tail of the cock more closely resembles that of the domestic cock, in being arched. Their crow is not so long, or so resonant, as that of the English birds. Partridges, of a colour nearly black, were sometimes met in coveys.

I lingered with great pleasure among these stupendous hills and plains. From my boyhood I loved rocks and precipices, peaks and glaciers, and here they are set like giants among the higher passes, and, much as anticipation may picture to itself, I am free to state, no imagination can conceive the majesty of the mighty Himalayas.

It was within view of these stupendous eminences I again found myself mounted beside a native charioteer, upon a flat cart placed on wheels, and drawn by a pair of bullocks, on which a chetah or hunting leopard was secured. He was bound, as

in the former instance, by a strong collar and rope, to the hind part of our conveyance, and two keepers were in attendance ready to slip the chetah when game was in sight. Our route led through a forest which must have been the growth of centuries. Vast trees threw their boughs round, and the height of many of the trees was such as we have no conception of in our colder climes. There were droves of wild deer, but it was not easy to get sight of them. A good deal of time elapsed before we had any sport. At length our patience was rewarded ; a stray stag was grazing not more than a couple of hundred paces from us, and to unhood and let slip our chetah, was the work of a second. He quickly saw the game, and taking advantage of every stunted tree and patch of cover, stole rapidly upon his intended victim. The deer probably scented the leopard, for he exhibited signs of alarm, and was bounding away over a rather wide plain outside the wood, when the chetah, leaving its covert, followed at a speed that soon settled the deer's chances of escape. We followed, and I never saw a coursing match better contested. At last the

leopard, having overtaken the deer, struck the game with his fore paw, and rolled him over. When the conflict was over, the swiftest of the keepers cast the hood over the chetah, and with his hunting-knife gashed the throat of the prostrate and exhausted deer. He then held a hollow spoon-shaped instrument to the deer's throat, into which the blood flowed, and he allowed the cheetah to lap the blood. This proceeding reminded me of former days, when we used to allow the young foxhounds to taste blood. I suppose the reason is the same —the taste acts as an incentive to the pursuit of the game. I was much struck with the symmetry and graceful movements of the chetah. The head is small and compact—limbs formed for speed, and long flat tail. A friend of mine, now no more, mentioned having accompanied a native chief on his cart with a chetah. My friend was rather incommoded by the leopard lashing his long tail, which occasionally wound round my friend's neck. This was repeated two or three times, so tightly as to threaten suffocation. He removed this novel necktie in silence several times, until at length he

was forced to cry out, which the chief no sooner heard, and seeing the cause of my friend's alarm, soon settled the matter so that it could never be repeated. Drawing his sharp hunting-knife from its sheath, with one stroke he severed the tail of the chetah, and apologized to my friend for the beast's rudeness.

The Eastern chiefs are extremely expert in using the korah, or native sword. We are all familiar with the scene from the Crusaders, where the Sultan Saladin cuts the cushion in two with a sweep of his scimitar, and a brother of the Prime Minister of Nepaul, named Dhere Shum Shere, attained such power and precision of stroke, that he has often severed the head of a bull buffalo with his korah at one blow. This singular feat shows not only great manual skill, but considerable knowledge in anatomy.

The great fair of Hardwar is usually well worth attending. Indeed, agents from all the Cavalry corps in India are sure to flock thither to select troop horses and chargers. Here I saw Arab steeds with pedigrees which no English stud-book could

match, and dashing coursers fresh from the jungles of Cutch or Lacka. Here also might be bought the mettlesome steed—bred in Katiawah or Cabul—ponies from the vales of Cashmere or the steppes of the Himalayas. Each were offered for sale with as much gesticulation, and assertion of being a regular out-and-outer—a *Khoab-chilna-wala* (“devil to go”)—as I had ever seen or heard at the Tinkers’ fair of Bartlemy, in my native land. Indeed the whole scene recalled to my mind that Hibernian tryst, where, despite the advancing waves of prosaic progress and education, and the repressing presence of green-coated, black-belted, bâton-armed peelers, is still to be found rollicking Irish humour, from hearts soft with Irish whisky and heads soft with Irish blows.

At Hardwar, as at Bartlemy, assemble dealers of every sort of vendible commodity, fruits of all kinds (and to make the resemblance more perfect, one of the two annual fairs of Bartlemy, held in August, is called the plum fair), stuffs, toys, baskets, and jars. The rural denizens of various localities are to be seen, presenting marked and distinguish-

ing peculiarities of feature and stature; pigmy, misshapen inhabitants from the north-west, looked dwarfs beside the tall and muscular Ghorkas, half-naked Bootyas shouldered Chinese-looking Newars, or mingled with Krats, Gurungs, and Miggurs. The scene grew very animated, especially to one fond of horses, when a customer offered, or was likely to offer, for any of the horses on sale; it was amusing to see the tricks of the stable played off beneath an Indian as an Irish sun. A little groom was placed on the horse to show his paces, and the animal being loosed from the ropes by which he was literally tied head and heels, away he went, fast as he could go, until pulled up with a jerk. Then he was wheeled right round and galloped back, so that if his wind was touched, it was soon observable. The only appreciable difference between our Irish and this Indian fair was in sounds. Instead of the squeal of the bagpipes or scraping of violins in the tents, where dancing and drinking occupied the boys and girls, here were a combination of bells tinkling, tom-toms beating, camels grunting, horses neighing. There was, of course, a

sensible variance in the temperature. Instead of the cool breezes from Cairn Thierna and the Galtees, we had to endure the caloric of April at 107 degrees by the thermometer. The heat was so overpowering as to diminish very much the enjoyments of the Hardwar. Shortly after this the treacherous climate told upon my naturally robust constitution, and our doctor told me I was likely to create a vacancy in our corps if I did not get my native air. I was able to effect an exchange, and once more reached the green hills of Erin.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOME AGAIN—PADDY AND THE MARE—A HUNTING BREAKFAST—THE MEET AT KILLURA—A BIG LEAP.

I DO not care to relate the incidents of my voyage to Europe. I stood again upon my native hearth—the dear old towers frowned as grimly as ever ; the pleasant river, that skirted the lawn, flowed as brightly as before I went lion hunting and elephant chasing through Indian jungles. But the loved inmates of the Castle were sadly changed. My dear mother's graceful form was bowed, and my father looked aged, and was crippled by rheumatism. He complained, too, of the difficulty of getting money and the general badness of the times, which did not augur well for my being able to purchase my company. My coming, however, caused a stir in the neighbourhood. There were bright faces which grew brighter when I came, and bowls on the board, if not banners on the

wall. The farmers and labourers, who were much attached to my father, thronged to welcome "the Captin," and my old friend the poetical shoemaker, Pat Sheehan, presented a congratulatory ode in which the family virtue—

And what their charity impairs,
They save by prudence in affairs,

was duly set forth.

One of my first visits after my return home, was to the stables. From my boyhood, as I have already intimated, I had a natural love for field sports, which, indeed, may be said to be a hereditary passion in my family. My father was an excellent field horseman, and was glad to foster the taste in his son, knowing how much open air exercise conduces to health, and hunting unfolds a manly spirit. Though my father did not ride as forward as in earlier days, the stables were well cared for, and a couple of well-groomed horses, quietly nibbling the hay in their racks, showed well for his anxiety that, upon my return I should have full enjoyment of my favourite sport. William Carty, the groom already mentioned, upon the

death of my uncle, Colonel Martial, came to us, and he was proud to see his young master on his return from "furrin parts;" he also rejoiced to find my "*sojering*" had not banished my desire to ride well to hounds.

"These seem a good pair of hunters, William," I said, when I had scanned the horses in their stalls.

"Troth, your honour may well say that," responded the groom; "a purtier pair of clippers never carried a sportsman in a hunt. Stay, sir, till you see their points." So saying, he uncovered No. 1, and led him forth. "This is Paddy, sir," and, stroking him fondly, he added, "isn't he a pictur?"

Paddy certainly was a very handsome animal, Iron-grey in colour, with small, well-formed head of the Arab type, the nostrils fine, jaws wide, and allowing play for the windpipe. The neck well arched, and neither too long nor too short. Shoulders light, long, and well grown into the back. The quarters were, perhaps, not quite rounded enough, and showing what is termed cat-hammed towards the tail, but the legs were models of symmetry, the fetlocks were a little

long, but the hoofs were perfect. His coat was fine as silk, and shone in the sunlight like a glossy new hat.

"He has had good grooming, William," I said, as I scrutinized the horse with a critical air. "If his action is equal to his appearance he must be a pleasant horse to ride."

"Action, sir," repeated the groom, "'tis he has the action—walkin', trottin', gallopin', leapin', there isn't his aquil for action at this side of the Galtees. His walk is as springy as a young girl dancin'; his trot is as smooth as a billiard ball rowlin'; his gallop is like the flight of a bird, and you'd think 'twas a stag was boundin' to see his leaps. You can sit on his back as asy as in an arm-chair."

"Let me have a look at the mare," I said.

"Eh, then, 'tis she's worth lookin' at," replied William, leading Paddy back to his stall, and whipping the body clothes off the other animal before he led her forth.

"Here's youth, fire, and beauty for your honour," said William, as he walked the splendid huntress before me with a satisfied step.

She was of chestnut colour, with that unmistakable air of high breeding which can never be seen but in thoroughbreds. Her movements were highly commendable—the legs stepping lightly yet firmly, as though independent of the body ; the head well up, the neck proudly arched, the tail like a flag, and keeping time with the steps. She appeared fiery yet docile, and I quickly felt it would be a pleasure to sit upon the back of so courageous a huntress.

" Well, sir," asked William, " how do you like your mare ? The master bought her, and we broke her for you."

" Indeed she is a splendid mare, William," I replied, " and I am sure I am greatly obliged for the care you have taken in mounting me so well." I tipped him a trifle, and next day the Duhallow foxhounds were to draw Killura glen, so I accepted Mr. Hennessy's invitation to breakfast at Killevullen.

It was a bright and pleasant morning, early in March. The cold was just enough to be bracing, and as the distance was only a couple of miles, and

I had plenty of time, I rode the young mare. How well I remembered every spot on which my eyes fell. There was the part of the river's bank where I landed my first salmon ; there was the fence where my pony threw me, as I hoped to show off my equestrian skill in the eyes of pretty Mary Hennessy. Did she remember me during my five years of foreign service ? Was she as gentle and attractive as ever ? A short time would tell. Here was the handsome seat of the Earl of Hare-dale, who had distinguished himself in the Russian War—and now the ivy-mantled towers of Monanimy Castle denoted my proximity to the bridge over the Blackwater, close to which stands Kille-vullen. A trot along the gravelled avenue brought me to my friend's hall door. "Welcome home, Terry, my dear boy," cried Mr. Hennessy, clasping my hand between both his as I leaped from my saddle. He was least changed of all by time. His locks were grey when together we chased the fox by land or the otter by water in former days, and they were but little whiter now. His voice was as strong and his manner as genial as ever.

"Come in, come in. Your friend Mary still brews the tea, as you see," he cried, throwing open the parlour door, and I passed into the room. Mary came forward smiling, and looking, if possible, lovelier than ever. A beauteous roseate hue was spread over her features. I thought of the *purpureum lumen juventum* of the classic poet. Alas ! it was but the

Dawn of another life that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

"I'm so glad to see you again," she said, as she held my hand in hers, "and I hope you have not any idea of leaving soon."

"I thank you, Mary," I said. "I dare say we shall see a good deal of each other while I remain at home."

"I hope so," she said, softly ; and other sportsmen of the neighbourhood now came trooping in, which obliged her to attend to her breakfast table, the duties of which afforded her constant employment for fully an hour. The long table was well covered with a substantial repast. Fowls,

hot and cold, hams, dishes of rashers and eggs, toast, and loaves white and brown. Mary had to keep perpetually pouring tea from two teapots, constantly refilled. The guests were all old sporting acquaintances of mine, and when we all rose to depart the scene from the windows was particularly enlivening. Those who had sent on their hunters might be seen exchanging their panting cover hacks, or descending from vehicles in all the glory of unstained leather and faultless top-boots, while their grooms led their thoroughbred hunters, until having mounted, all were ready for the covert side.

Mary rode a pretty chestnut mare, and in her hat and habit looked *piquante* and charming. There is no costume more becoming, in my eyes, to the female form than this, and a natty figure posed gracefully on her saddle, mounted on a well-groomed horse, is a sight worth seeing. Mr. Hennessy loved to see his daughter thus attired, and though her timidity prevented her ever following the chase à la Diana Vernon, she was a constant attendant upon her father as far as the covert side.

We rode together, and we talked of old times and old friends. I related to her some of the wonderful scenes I had beheld in the far East, and her cheek grew pale and her lip quivered as I narrated my encounters with the wild beasts which she had only seen through the bars of a menagerie, and their presence filled her with horror even then. "Thank God we have you safe at home," she piously exclaimed, as the well-matched pack of foxhounds, powerful and symmetrical in every limb, formed a picturesque group round the huntsman and whips.

"How pretty they look! No wonder gentlemen are so fond of hunting," said Mary, as she gazed with bright eyes and pleased smile upon this sylvan scene. It was indeed a landscape worthy the pencil of an artist. A wide old wood rose around a calm sheet of water, and then we got a peep of a grassy lawn, on the further end of which a quaint old-fashioned thatched house loomed large and well proportioned. The central square and circular ends contained rooms wherein many a time and oft I found a hearty welcome. "Kil-

lura looks well from this," I said, as we both stood facing the seat of the O'Garas.

"Yes, indeed, it is a fine old place. How well St. Cranith's garden is kept," added Mary.

The cry of "To cover," "Hark-in," "Get in," now called our attention to the business of the day, and we saw a large-limbed, very handsome man, in a scarlet frock that bore the stain of many a hard run, greeting all who had assembled in that cheery voice, and pleasant, bland smile, which made Lord Glanville so popular.

"How well my old schoolfellow is looking," I said to Mary, as the noble master of the hounds, spying me, rode over to shake hands. "Ah, Terry," he cried, "so your Indian campaign among the lions and tigers has not spoiled your love for fox-hunting. What do you think, Miss Hennessy?" he inquired, turning to Mary with a knowing look.

"I think Mr. O'Shaughnessy is too ardent a sportsman not to enjoy hunting with such hounds as you are master over," replied Mary.

"Thanks for the compliment, fair lady," cried his lordship. Then, turning to me, he said, "What

are you going to do with yourself next week? Come over to me to Glanville, and we shall take care of you."

I promised, and Lord Glanville was next seen by the huntsman's side. The hounds were now drawing the covert, and right well they did it. It is worth watching closely to see foxhounds or harriers seeking their victims. They search every alley and dingle and dell as closely as a detective on the track of a fugitive criminal—crossing and re-crossing, sniffing at this fern spray or that gnarled root, looking with prying eyes into every spot where sly Reynard might make his lair or Puss her form. At length the briars and furze that grew luxuriantly between the trees were shaken, and the sterns of such hounds as were visible kept lashing their sides in a manner that denoted the hounds scented the fox, though not with sufficient confidence to own it by giving tongue. Doubt, however, soon gave place to certainty. The pack were evidently sure of their fox. "Have at him!" cried Lord Glanville; "Have at him!" echoed the huntsman, and as some of the knowing ones of the

field were quietly yet steadily riding in a direction the fox was likely to break, my mare pricked up her ears and would fain be after them.

"Here comes papa, in good time to give you your relief," cried Mary, as her father, who had been watching the hounds within the wood, now drew near.

"You are sure to have a good day's sport, Terry," said Mr. Hennessy. "There was a time that I could not be turning tail when the fox breaks covert, but age has its claims, and my Mary and I will not go over hedges and ditches. Is not that glorious?" cried the old foxhunter, enthusiastically, as with a cry like the chorus of an opera, the tuneful pack announced they were hunting their fox.

"Away with you," cried Mary, giving me her little gloved hand.

I did not need to be bidden twice. Nodding to her worthy sire, I turned the mare short at a double gap, which separated me from the field in which the hounds were then streaming, gave her a dart of the persuaders, and lifted her. She cleared the formidable barrier, and in a second we were

alongside the pack. The scent was burning, and the pack seemed to have exhausted their volatility, for they were running mute. I find I was indulging in some practical remarks upon riding to hounds when I penned the following.

Most horses pull hard when the fox goes away with the hounds hard on his brush, but this must be checked. However gratifying to one's vanity to ride with the leading hound, it is always prudent to husband your hunter's strength and powers of endurance, for the chase may be long and distressing. Then hounds take a little time to settle upon the scent, although, as has been remarked, only those who have witnessed it can know in what an extraordinary manner hounds that are left in a cover make their way through a crowd, and join those who are first to get away with their fox. Now as I rode along the pack was in close order, going at racing pace; a table-cloth might cover them if it were large enough, and there was no time for music. There were not above half a dozen horsemen well up. Foremost came Billy Chapman, the huntsman, then three brothers, Thomas, Dan, and

Frank Osbaldestone, with Lord Glanville, mounted on a powerful white horse, that seemed to think nothing of his sixteen stone.

A slight check after we rattled through the demesne of Clifford, enabled some dozen others of the Ramblers in Red to enter an appearance, and, after a few minutes' delay, we went along at a rapid pace, over the wide pastures skirting Nagles mountains towards Bridgetown. Here the fox crossed the Awbeg, and, as the rocks on the eastern bank are insurmountable, we had to gallop over the bridge, which made whip and spur necessary to enable us to catch the flying pack.

Convamore gave us a respite, and we sadly needed it. The pace had been tremendous, and both horses and dogs, as well as ourselves, were glad of a little breathing time. I jumped off to relieve my young mare ; for though, from her high breeding and good training, she held a place that few horses of her age could have kept in this half hour's run, I could not fail to perceive the pace had tried her more than she liked, or than I liked for her. Therefore I very gladly took advantage of my proximity to

my father's to lead the mare to the Castle, where William Carty readily changed my saddle to Paddy's back, and I proceeded to join the hounds, freshly mounted.

And just as Billy Chapman succeeded in making a cast that hit off the fox, Paddy heard the cry of the hounds as they advanced to meet us.

It was a cheering sight to see how admirably they followed every twist and dodge of their wily antagonist, and hunted up hill and down dale. My horse being fresher than any then out, gave me a decided advantage, and, as the hounds crossed the Funcheon, near Dunmahon, and a wider tract of country offered better galloping ground, I had the first place. Paddy evidently thought nothing of my weight, and, while possessing tip-top speed, was a capital fencer. Two of the Osbaldestones came next, then the huntsman, whips next, and Lord Glanville also well up. I saw the fox as he crossed a high mound in the direction of Ballyclough, and knew he was making for that covert. Between where I sighted Reynard and his "subterranean retreat," as a hedge schoolmaster learnedly desig-

nated the earth, lay a very desperate leap. It was a deep gully, where, in winter, floods from the mountains poured their torrents, but now was dry, and stones mingled with sand strewed the course of the water. The width of this watercourse, which resembled more the rift of a glacier than anything else, was about twenty feet from bank to bank, and these were jagged and insecure. I had heard my father state that he had once taken one of these crevasses in a stride, while his friend, Captain Collis, was pounded at the bottom, his horse having gone *in* instead of over. As the hounds now raced with heads up and sterns down, they were running on a view, and evidently closing on the jaded fox. I took a pull on Paddy, and brought him well in hand to the brink of the gully. It was a formidable leap, and he felt the necessity for an unusual effort. He cocked his ears when he saw it as I darted in the spurs ; he made a bound like a greyhound, and landed well on the off side. No other rider ventured to follow my lead, and I was soon alongside the hounds. I was up in good time ; they had run into the fox, and were

fighting over him. I jumped from Paddy's back, and, with some little risk, for they were snarling and growling over the carcase and limbs, I got the brush, which Paddy bore to Ballyhooly as a well-earned trophy.

CHAPTER XV.

MY VISIT TO GLANVILLE CASTLE—I AM LEFT AN ORPHAN.

LORD GLANVILLE, of Glanville, in the Peerage of Ireland, is descended from one of the most ancient Anglo-Norman families of the kingdom. The eminent genealogist who sways the sceptre of Ulster King of Arms, traces his lineage to the time when Sir Ranulph de Glanville spurred by William's side over the bloody sands of Hastings, and relates how his grandson, Sir Burke de Glanville, was one of the companions of Raymond Le Gros, when that fat warrior gained wealth and power in the valley of the Munster Blackwater. The Glanvilles conquered the aborigines, and became territorial chiefs of the wild and picturesque district watered by the Bride—a wild and undulating country near Nagles mountains, in the county of Cork. Here at this day the sportsman traverses large areas of unreclaimed bog and moorland, which remains in

the same state as when Irish kings may have marshalled their Gallowglasses, or, in after years, Irish Rapparees have sought and found secure retreat from the forces of William III. The poetical Irish name of Ardnageeha—the “height of the wind”—was changed to Glanville, in compliment to the lord whose castle towers above the small houses of the village which grew beneath its fostering walls. The village consists of a long, irregular street, with a numerous assortment of petty shops, among which the frequency of “Entertainment for man and baste” shows that whisky and corn may be had in these humble hostellries. As I rode through the village, attended by William Carty, in order to fulfil my promised visit to Lord Glanville, I was much annoyed by the little cur dogs that incessantly sprang from each cabin door, and seemed as numerous as the rosy-cheeked, curly-headed little Hibernians who played lovingly with the pigs.

The father and grandfather of the present peer had been prominent in field sports, renowned as masters of foxhounds, patrons of the short grass, and as good holders of reins as ever whipped four-

in-hand. Bertram, Lord Glanville, grandfather of Burke, Lord Glanville, was as well known in the hey-day of the Irish Parliament, driving through the squares and streets of the then flourishing Irish capital, as Charley Holmes or Tom Holtby, steering cautiously yet swiftly through St. James's Street or Piccadilly. The son of this nobleman, father of my friend, inherited the tastes, with the honours of his family, and drove the Royal Dublin mail with as much satisfaction to the public as Sir Vincent Cotton the Brighton stage. He kept a first-rate pack of foxhounds, with which, when a boy, I had many a pleasant day, and it was great delight to the old peer to find how spiritedly his only son, then little more than ten, would crane his pony over a four foot wall or big double ditch, without looking twice at it. Then came our school-days, and many an hour young Burke Glanville and I sauntered over the pleasant playground of Fermoy School, recounting past field days and planning future ones. He was a light-hearted, open, generous boy, of fair talents and application, such stuff as forms the true type of an Irish or

English gentleman. His mother, an Irish lady of great intellectual endowments, early designed him for a Parliamentary career, and, soon as he was able to appreciate the art treasures of the Continent, he made, what in old days was termed the grand tour. Lady Glanville wisely selected for his tutor a clergyman famed for knowledge of men and cities. The love of field sports “ingendered in his natur,” as our old cook used to say, prevented his spending his time in Rome, Florence, Paris, or London, and he preferred the banks of the Bride to the Tiber or the Seine, and the heather dells and furze brakes of Glennasac to the salons of Paris or the stately drawing-rooms of Belgravia.

His prudent mother thought the best mode of causing the heir of Glanville to settle was to marry, and she took care to invite a proper party to her house. Lady Maud Henley, daughter of the Marquis of Devon, was asked to spend some time at Glanville. Lady Maud was a very charming girl, tall and *distinguée*, with clear-cut, regular features, olive complexion, and piercing black eyes, which gave her quite a foreign look. She had

natural, unaffected manners, which went straight to the heart of my friend, and, opportunity and importunity, like double barrels, soon brought about what Lady Glanville wished. The young people saw, liked, loved, and were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. The death of Lord Glanville brought Burke the peerage before he was twenty-five, and, in compliance with his mother's wishes, he entered the House of Commons as member for an English borough, for, being an Irish peer, he could not represent an Irish constituency. This, of course, obliged him to be a good deal in London, where his wife's family chiefly resided, but when the session was over he lost no time in returning to Glanville, where he had numerous duties to discharge, among which was the mastership of the Duhallow foxhounds.

The site of Lord Glanville's castle reminded me of Longfellow's lines :

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat ;
Across its antique portico
Full-aged trees their shadows throw,
And from its station in the hall,
An ancient timepiece says to all—
For ever—never,
Never for ever.

It was a great pile of masonry, built in various reigns, and displaying the massive donjon of the Norman, with the lighter and more convenient architecture of the Tudor era. The front commanded a lovely prospect. The eye followed the course of the Bride as it traversed a valley of considerable extent, the banks fringed with many a goodly grove. To the left soared the highlands of Glendasac, and I could trace deep dells clothed in coppice or furze, while Toureen rose on the opposite side, until purple hills blended with the blue sky.

Lord Glanville had not returned from the petty sessions, where he acted as county magistrate, when I arrived, but Lady Glanville welcomed me with that friendly greeting which shows that words of kindness mean what they say. She introduced her two little girls, and their young brothers to me, and a fair young cousin of Lord Glanville just arrived from England, Miss De Glanville, daughter of Sir Reginald De Glanville, Bart. This young lady, Angela by name, and an angel by nature, was a most loveable girl. In her presence I forgot all my affection for Mary Hennessy, and felt quite disposed to follow Tommy Moore's advice—

When far away from the lips that you love,
You have just to make love to the lips that are near.

She was, in some respects, quite a contrast to Lady Glanville. The younger lady was slight and girlish, indeed she was only seventeen, and not "out," as she told me in confidence. Her fair hair and blue eyes consorted well with a clear, healthy colour, rosy lips, and dimpled chin. She was full of fun and frolic, always romping with the children, in the joyous innocence of gushing girlhood. I passed many happy days in this mountain hold. We had a pleasant social party, and nothing so conduces to habits of intimacy as a country house where the host and hostess are genial, warm-hearted people. We had our morning chat over the breakfast, our lounge about the grounds or in the drawing-room, or reading, or writing, until lunch, if we were not hunting or shooting. At lunch we made our arrangements for the interval between that time and our eight o'clock dinner. I was soon deeply enamoured of Angela. We rode, walked, talked together. She loved to hear me recount my feats of lion and tiger-hunting among the Indian jungles,

and like Desdemona loved me for the dangers I had passed, and I certainly loved her. We had a variety of field sports ; Lord Glanville had a pack of beagles, and it was my good sport to ride over the heath-clad hills around the Castle, to the tuneful cry of this bell-mouthing pack. Sometimes the ladies accompanied us, for both Lady Glanville and Angela were capital horsewomen, and Lord Glanville liked to see them ride with his hounds. We had also a novel sport, which I must not omit —cormorant fishing. A brace of these voracious birds, appropriately called “Hobble-gobble” and “Detective,” were the property of Captain Sylvain, one of our guests, who had them admirably trained, and they afforded us some amusing sport—trout-fishing in the Bride. They had leather straps round their throats, so that when they caught the fish, it did not pass beyond the throat, and when a number were caught, pressing the throat caused them to disgorge the fish. The cormorants were about the size of good tame ducks, and, like these birds, web-footed, but with long necks, and bills sharp and curved at the end.

How little we can anticipate misfortunes ! While I was thus passing my days in the enjoyment of this delightful intercourse, death was depriving me of my beloved father. A severe cold induced fever. I was sent for in all haste, and, to the deep regret of the hospitable inmates of Glanville, I tore myself away. I found my old home a sad contrast to that house where I had been so happy. My mother, worn by grief and want of rest, looked more like an inhabitant of the grave than of earth. My father was sinking rapidly. I had barely time to receive his dying blessing and parting words, when all that was left of him was his honoured name. We placed him, amidst the lamentations of the tenants and the respectful attendance of the county gentry, in the family resting-place in the old churchyard of Rathcormac. My mother did not long survive him, as in life they had lived and loved together, so in death they were not divided ; and within the short space of two months from my return to Ireland I was left an orphan.

CHAPTER XVI.

A VISIT OF CONDOLENCE—KILLEVULLEN—THE VICEROY'S LETTER—WHY MISS HENNESSY REFUSED ME.

THERE is something very depressing in a house on which the shadow of death has fallen. How we miss the familiar face!—the sound of the well-known voice—the greeting of the beloved parent, brother, sister, friend. As the poet says:—

The churchyard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair,
And sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there.
The life has gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been, no more can be,
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
Oh, where are they? oh, where is he?

But I was not permitted to mourn alone in the solitude of my ancestral home. After a week had come and gone, my old and kind friend Mr. Hennessy called, and told the servant he

"desired to see me." Of course I would not be denied to him.

He was evidently deeply affected when he entered the dining-room. Many a time and oft he had been warmly welcomed there by those who were now cold. I noticed he, too, was in deep mourning, and I could not help being touched by this mark of regard for the memory of those who were not any degree of kindred to him.

"Terence," he said, as he pressed my hand, "you know how sincerely I loved those who are gone. You will not, I am sure, refuse to spend a little time with us; we know how desolate you must find the castle just now."

I was gratified by this assurance of consideration, and received the offer as it was made.

"A thousand thanks, my dear kind friend," I said; "if my presence does not darken your pleasant house, I shall willingly pass a few weeks at Killevullen."

"You shall be as quiet with us as here," he said.
"When can you come?"

"This is Monday. I have some business to

transact with our attorney, Mr. Carleton, who is to be here to-day, and on Wednesday I shall take up my quarters with you."

Shortly after Mr. Hennessy's departure, Mr. Carleton called, and, in the details of testamentary business, which this experienced and most able law adviser rendered clear to my unprofessional capacity, I found much to occupy my thoughts. There had been considerable sums borrowed by my father from various persons, and the interest on many of these was unpaid. Then to meet these claims rents were considerably in arrear, for many of our tenants, taking advantage of my poor father's indisposition to put on the screw, were tempted to fall behindhand, and all who have experience of such tenants know how hard it is to get the back gales. Luckily that wise provision, life assurance, was availed of by my father, and a policy of five thousand pounds was more than ample to make all square. I therefore gave Mr. Carleton *carte blanche* to deal with the defaulting tenants as his large experience suggested, only hinting that, as I was just come into the property, I had rather

suffer a loss of income than incur the odium of being thought a grasping or harsh landlord.

"May I ask what you intend doing with the castle and demesne?" he inquired.

"I have not thought about it," I replied. "I have yet six months' leave unexpired, and, of course, when I join, I must either let the place or shut up the house."

"Yes, of course. I would recommend your having the house let. A house like this unoccupied is sure to suffer. I'll be on the look-out for a good and solvent tenant," and Mr. Carleton went with my best thanks, for I always found him a sincere friend, as well as a most skilful professional agent.

It is only justice to a much-abused class to say how much I respect and value high-minded and honourable attorneys. It is the fashion to run down the members of this profession as if they were all pettifoggers and sharp practitioners, and it is no credit to the great English moralist, Dr. Johnson, who, when asked, "What was a gentleman who had just left the room?" replied, "I do

not wish to speak ill of a man behind his back, but I believe he is an attorney." Of course in every profession there are members who do it no credit, the black sheep of the flock ; but those exceptions only prove the rule. In all my dealings with the profession I ever found them, not only strictly honest and upright, but considerate and indulgent. How many a brother officer has the good management of his solicitor saved from ruin or disgrace. How many a deceased brother officer's widow has had reason to thank Providence for the help her attorney rendered her in the difficulties and troubles which encompassed her when death snatched away the strong arm on which she leant. I placed implicit confidence in mine, and in no instance have I been deceived ; therefore I, for one, have reason to speak well of my solicitor.

During the interval of Mr. Carleton's business visit and my leaving Ballyhooly for the sojourn at Killevullen, my thoughts busied themselves with my future, and especially my position with regard to Mary Hennessy. I had always been most guarded when in the society of young ladies. I

resolved never to make such demonstrations towards them as could evince a marked preference for any one. I fully recognised the truth of the observation, that men who have deliberately engaged the affections of confiding women from a desire to succeed in doing so without intending to propose marriage, committed a most serious offence—one, indeed, for which no amount of pecuniary damages was an adequate compensation. Now my case was not quite this, yet I felt considerable embarrassment as to how I ought to act. I had never, intentionally, sought to win Mary Hennessy's love, but I could not conceal from myself that, however unintentionally, I had gained it. The downcast eye, the flushing cheek, the soft pressure of the hand, the little sigh, unheard save by me ; these were symptoms not to be mistaken. Then came the question—did I love her ? and, if so, what was I going to do, for of course we would be thrown much in each other's society.

Now I did *not* love her as that passion is commonly felt. I did not regard her presence as essential to my happiness. I could live without

her, but I liked her, and felt sure that she liked—nay, that she loved me. We knew each other since childhood, and I valued her for her tender, womanly heart, the blameless purity of her life, her varied accomplishments, and because her heart was mine. I knew that no words had ever been spoken on which an action of breach of promise could be maintained; but there were higher and better motives which influenced me in the decision I came to. It was this: If I thought, by Mary's manner to me during my stay at her father's, that she expected me to propose I resolved to do so, and if I was accepted, as I believed I should, to marry her and make her as happy as she deserved to be made. This resolution I felt to be a good one, and I felt happier for making it.

I drove over to Killevullen on the afternoon of Wednesday, and was received by the family, by Mary, her father and brother, as one who, with them, had need of sympathy.

Our days, if monotonous, were tranquil and happy. The grounds about the house, kept in exquisite order by Mary's tasteful surveillance,

afforded us pleasant rambling, and when the soft April days made the house too hot, and the breeze, as it stole along the surface of the Black-water, tempted us to float on that beautiful stream, Mary and I went into the boat, and selecting a shady nook, I made the boat fast, and read while she worked. Mr. Hennessy and James left us much to ourselves. Whether they had any surmises upon the position in which we stood towards each other I know not, but I have sometimes wondered how fathers and brothers leave daughters and sisters with young men, in what might be called perilous proximity. Mindful of the resolution I had formed on leaving Ballyhooly Castle, I carefully noted Mary's manner towards me, conned every phrase, and pondered at night over the occurrences of the day to ascertain how the land lay; to gauge, as it were, the measure of her feelings. But I was completely puzzled. Nothing could be more sisterly than her greetings, or more affectionate than her manner; nothing more tender than her words. She spoke of my departed parents as if they had been her own, and, as we prayed together every night for the repose of their souls, I

felt such prayers must be heard. Yet no trace of earthly passion, or love in the abstract, nothing like flirtation, or such demonstration as I fancied might be displayed, could be detected in look, or word, or deed.

While thus uncertain as to the nature of Mary's feelings towards me, an event occurred which brought matters to a crisis. On my return with her from one of our daily excursions in the beautiful region of this valley, the butler told me Lord Glanville had called shortly after I went out, and was waiting for some time in the drawing-room, as he wished particularly to see me.

I found him seated, amusing himself looking over some choice water-colour sketches of the scenery Mary had painted. When mutual kind inquiries were made and answered, he produced a letter which he asked me to read. It ran thus— :

“Naworth Castle, May 1st.

“MY DEAR GLANVILLE,

“We are in, and it is decided that I go to Ireland. My previous official connexion with your country enables me fully to understand your often difficult politics, but I flatter myself, that with tact

and management, I shall fulfil the duties of Vice-roy with credit, and possibly some advantage to the Green Isle ; at all events, I shall do my best, and you know I like work. I hope your arrangements will enable Lady Glanville and you to come and spend some time with me at the Lodge, as there are many subjects upon which your experience of Ireland and the Irish will be of the greatest use, and I know I can rely upon you to keep me straight. I am now arranging my household, and if there is any one you, or Maud, desires to have upon my staff, as *aide-de-camp*, I shall be most happy to afford him the opportunity of seeing the somewhat dramatic, and occasionally amusing characters which compose the Viceregal Court—only do not name any one who would think himself too good for us, for I mean to be very popular, and must have my staff to follow suit. With affectionate regards to Maud, and my young Irish cousins,

“ Believe me,

“ My dear Glanville,

“ Very sincerely yours,

“ NAWORTH.”

"Now then," exclaimed Lord Glanville, seeing I had finished reading, "I suppose you guess the purport of my visit?"

While reading the letter, which I may mention was from the Earl of Naworth, cousin of Lady Glanville, a nobleman well-known both in politics and literature, the thought flashed upon me, that I was designed for the place upon the Lord-Lieutenant's staff.

"Yes, I think I do," I replied. "You mean to propose me to the Viceroy."

"It was Lady Glanville's proposition ; she said, 'Now Glanville, seek our young friend O'Shaughnessy. Poor fellow, he needs a change from the said trials he has lately undergone. I know he will be pleased with Lord Naworth, and he is just the style of young man my cousin likes. Show him Naworth's letter, and say I shall be obliged if he says "Yes."

"There is no resisting such a command," I replied. "I feel deeply grateful to Lady Glanville for this fresh proof of her regard, but it may not suit the Horse-Guards to sanction the appointment."

"Oh! that will be Naworth's business, and depend upon it there can be no difficulty in that quarter; so regard it as settled," said his lordship, rising to go.

Mary sent in a tray with luncheon, to which he did full justice, and then he left for his ride to Glanville.

When my worthy friends heard the purport of Lord Glanville's visit, they warmly congratulated me upon my prospects. "I had some knowledge of Lord Naworth when he was Chief Secretary to Lord Norman," said Mr. Hennessy, "and seldom came in contact with a more estimable man. He stoutly backed up all Lord Norman's liberal policy, and both had hard cards to play with the clique who long regarded the Castle as their peculiar property. It was wonderful how the spirit of Lord Naworth forced itself through the crust of bigotry and formality, and warmed the cold currents of official routine."

"I am sure he will be more cautious than Lord Norman," I said.

"He has more discretion, and higher reputation," shrewdly remarked Mr. Hennessy. "Then, his

private character stands very high, and this has much to do with such an appointment as head of a Court. He has a very taking manner, is a ready and eloquent speaker, and possesses more than most English noblemen—that hearty, earnest, homely manner which was O'Connell's great characteristic. Few men display greater powers of endurance in office work, and this, in a head, is sure to tell upon the tail. To be well served in any department, be it public or private, there is nothing like good example. Good example, as our old copy-books used to tell us, goes farther than precept."

When alone once more with Mary, I felt it was due to her, and to the considerate kindness shown to me by her and hers in my bereavement, to ascertain explicitly the nature of her sentiments respecting myself; in short, to place the matter beyond doubt. We were strolling in the quiet, moonlit eve upon the lawn, near the river, and when Mary said she felt tired, we turned into a pretty summer house, placed on a jutting rock, commanding a most charming view. We looked down upon the

river, spanned by the bridge, now darkened by the shadows, while the opposite hill was crowned by the ivy mantled towers of Monanimy Castle, long the preceptory of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, when these warriors of the Cross held manors in Ireland.

"Mary," I said, taking her little hand in mine, "I have long desired to speak to you on a subject that concerns us both. You cannot be surprised if I take this opportunity of doing so."

"I think I can guess what you are about to refer to, Terence," she said, methought rather sadly.

"Yes, Mary, I am sure you do. It can be nothing new for you to hear in words what your heart has long told you, that you are very, very dear to me. That our tastes and sympathies have much in common, and that, if you deem me worthy of your love, and you become my wife, my constant study shall ever be to prove how I deserve such love as yours."

I was struck with the pallor that grew upon her fair cheeks as I spoke. Her eyes were suffused with tears, and encircling me in her arms, she laid

her head on my breast, and struggled with emotion, which showed how much she was shaken. "Oh, dear, dear Terence," she said, "I feared this, yet what could I do to prevent it. I do love you dearly. It is neither sin nor shame to own this, but I cannot, must not, bring sorrow, more sorrow to your heart. Neither my father nor James know that my stay on earth is not likely to endure. I am, even now, far gone in consumption."

Something of this fear had fallen on me, but her spirits were always so cheerful and resigned, and she was so gay and light-hearted, that I had no suspicion of the stern reality.

"Oh, Mary," I cried, "this is too sad. Please God you will get strong, and will live for all our sakes, my dear darling Mary; do not give way to those terrible forebodings."

"They are not terrible to me, Terence," she replied, in a tone of resignation worthy of a saint. "I have long learned to bear the cross which has been placed upon me, and any sorrow I am likely to feel is the thought of leaving those who are so dear to me, my father, James, and you."

I pressed her fondly to my heart, and, I am not ashamed to say, we wept together. It was but a brief shower. Mary was the first to rally. "Now that we have spoken out," she said, "you must promise me never again to pain me by recurring to this topic. Have I your promise?"

"If you insist upon it, certainly."

"I do," she said. "It is better for us both. I will have nothing to distract my thoughts, which have much to meditate upon, and you will not be trammelled by an engagement, which, believe me, would only end as I have told you."

"I will take the risk, Mary."

"Come, have done, sir," she said, with a playful toss of her pretty head, and a merry ringing laugh that belied her sad words. "And now," she continued, "I am truly glad of your appointment on the Lord Lieutenant's staff. It will give you agreeable occupation, and after your recent sorrow you need change of scene."

This terminated my first and last love passage with our sweet Mary. I took my departure from the hospitable mansion of Killevullen after a day or

two's longer stay. I then instructed Mr. Carleton to let Ballyhooly Castle for seven years, and, as I required some clothes from my tailor's in Cork, went to the beautiful city, and thence took the steamer plying for the Irish metropolis.

CHAPTER XVII.

DUBLIN BAY—THE NEW VICEROY—THE MONKS OF THE SCREW—TOM O'HARA—THE DALKEY CORONATION.

THE run from Cork to Dublin by sea afforded me the opportunity of seeing the Bay of Dublin to great advantage. We left the lovely scenery of the river Lee amidst the gloom of evening, and at six o'clock on the following morning the sun shone upon the Wicklow mountains. I gladly emerged from the stifling saloon to breathe the freshness of the morning air on deck. I was familiar with every feature in the beautiful landscape, the tall peaks of the Sugar-loaves, known in ancient days by their more poetical appellation the "golden spears." Then came Bray head, rising proudly from the deep, with a continuous range of granite mountains, some boasting an elevation of 2700 feet. These mountains extend in an unbroken line for over sixty miles, from Booterstown to New

Ross. I remained on the deck as we glided near the beautiful region of Wicklow, with its wooded ravines and vales, famous in the melodies of Ireland; and I marked, on the opposite side, Malahide, the promontory of Howth, and Ireland's Eye, and Clontarf, the Marathon of Erin. After a brief delay on landing I reached our excellent hotel, the Bilton, in Sackville Street.

All my Irish readers, and, I presume, many of my English, know that Ireland is governed by a Chief Governor, who, under the name, style, and title of Lord Lieutenant, occupies, in winter, Dublin Castle, a solid rather than showy building on the south bank of the river Liffey, and, in the summer, a very pleasant dwelling known as the Viceregal Lodge, in the Phoenix Park. Although there are, of course, many noblemen of Irish birth whose rank and fortune would entitle them to the position of representing the Sovereign in Ireland, yet the peer usually chosen by the Prime Minister for that high office is either an Englishman or a Scotchman. I suppose in order that no partiality might be assigned to any of the Viceroy's acts, and on the

assumption that a stranger might be less embarrassed by family or social ties. It does, however, often happen that the Lord Lieutenant possesses considerable knowledge of the country intrusted to his care, from former official connexion, and, in the present instance, as I have already mentioned, Lord Naworth had been, for some years previously, Chief Secretary of Ireland, when Lord Norman reigned in Dublin Castle.

• Thank God I am no politician, and the cares of State sat very lightly upon the members of his Excellency's staff. He was in many respects a very estimable nobleman, and, from his early days filled a prominent place in English literature. When those ephemeral but very tasteful "Annals" had their day, his poetry was among the best contributions in their costly pages, and he published very readable travels in many lands and over many waters. He loved Art for Art's sake, and possessed several truly valuable productions of artists, ancient and modern. Naturally of a benevolent disposition, he found in Ireland an ample field for the exercise of his philanthropy, and in

educational, charitable, and reformatory establishments, he was always actively promoting the welfare of the people. He also largely patronized cattle shows, and his speeches at public meetings were admirable. I have rarely heard a better speaker. His voice, manner, and language were excellent, and he never wearied us. He was a great lover of ladies' society, and at his festivities, whether at the Castle or the Lodge, where every Saturday in autumn he had his garden parties, he was sure to be surrounded by a bevy of the fairest belles. We of the staff were in great request, for the Dublin people regard the Viceregal Court as an institution to be proud of, and do all they can to promote the happiness of the aides-de-camp. Yet I found many shortcomings in the Irish metropolis. For instance, one of the things which much disgusted me while in Dublin was the state of the streets, especially on Sunday. They were badly kept at all times. Coated with mud in wet weather, covered with dust in dry, and, though watering carts splashed along, they were unable to keep the flagways free from scraps of paper, straw, and rags, which stuck to

gentlemen's boots, and formed a train to ladies' dresses neither ornamental nor agreeable. Then, on Sunday, instead of seeing devout worshippers mindful of the Sabbath day, I beheld crowds of wretches fluttering in rags, rolling from whisky shops or ale houses, whither, soon as the doors were open, they flocked in, spending in debasing drink the pittance which ought to have formed the means of feeding themselves and their families. How often have I grieved to witness that dissipation which is so prevalent among the lower orders of my unthrifty countrymen! The prevailing dress of the artizans was pitiable shabbiness. I fear the preference for amusement they indulge so recklessly is the cause of this. I have never been in any city or any country which does not contrast most favourably with Dublin, in the cleanliness of streets and decent appearance of the people.

While many convivial societies flourish in Dublin, some of the former ones deserve to be mentioned. The celebrated semi-convivial, semi-political society called the "Monks of the Screw," was founded by Barry Yelverton, afterwards Chief Justice Lord

Avonmore, about the year 1779. It consisted of professed and lay brothers. The professed were members of the Irish House of Lords, or House of Commons, and members of the Irish bar, with those of other learned professions, not exceeding one-third of the whole. Their convent, as they called their place of meeting, was a large house in Kevin Street, rather a dingy part of Dublin at this time. It was the property of Lord Tracton, and here the brethren met every Saturday during Term, and held a chapter before commons, at which the abbot, Mr. Doyle, presided. In his absence the prior, or some officer present, took the chair. The monks always wore their habit, a black tabinet domino. The precentor or chaplain said grace, "*Benedictus benedicat*," and "*Benedicto benedicatur*," before and after commons.

The object of the society was to promote, by the union of the ablest men who sought to advance the true interests of Ireland, such measures as appeared best suited for this patriotic purpose. The celebrated orator and wit, Curran, was one of the chief promoters of this club, and composed the charter song—

When St. Patrick our order invented,
And called us the "Monks of the Screw,"
Good rules he revealed to our abbot,
To guide us in what we should do.
But first he replenished our fountain
With liquor, the best in the sky,
And he swore, on the word of a saint,
That the fountain should never run dry.

Each year, when your octaves approach,
In full chapter convened let me find you,
And when to the convent you come,
Leave your fav'rite temptation behind you.
And be not a glass in your convent,
Unless on a festival found,
And this rule to enforce I ordain it
One festival all the year round.

One festival all the year round appeared to be
the order of things in Dublin from the castle to
the cottage.

The convivial habits of a noble Duke, when
Viceroy, were noticed by a humorous writer shortly
after his Excellency had raised Dr. Patrick Duigan
to the rank of Privy Councillor—

If your Grace has a mind to be gay,
And we know you're the devil at that,
You'll come, take a drop of sweet pea*
With your own privy councillor—Pat.

* Malt whisky.

Faith, it's so tempting, whate'er you may think of it,
Claret's but sour, and champagne is but ropish,
Besides, troth, I've neither to give you, asthore,
But whisky's the thing, be it ever so popish,
To lay a right noble duke flat on the floor.

And "flat on the floor," according to the traditions of the Castle, his Grace was often found. The very popular song called "The Night before Larry was Stretched,"* was believed to be the composition of a Reverend Dean, and, as a singular, I would say unique, specimen of Irish ecclesiastical song writing, I give it as I found it.

THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED
(HANGED).

[Said to be composed by Dean Burrowes, Dean of Cork.]

The night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit,
And a bit in their sacks, too, they fetched,
They pledged their best clothes till they riz it ;
For Larry was always the lad,
When a friend was condemned to the squeezer,
But he'd fence all the togs that he had
To help a poor friend to the sneezer,
And moisten his gab 'fore he died.

"I'm sorry, now, Larry," says I,
"To see you in this situation,

* Hanged.

'Pon my conscience, my lad, I don't lie,
 I'd rather 't had been my own station."
 " Och hone ! 'tis all over," says he,
 " For the neck-cloth I'm forced to put on,
 And by this time to-morrow you'll see
 Your Larry will be dead as mutton,
 Bekase why, my courage was good."

The boys they came crowding in fast,
 They drew all their stools round about him,
 Six glims* round his trap-case were plac'd,
 He couldn't be well waked without them.
 I ax'd " if he was fit to die
 Without having duly repented ?"
 Says Larry, " That's all in in my eye,
 It's only what gownsmen invented
 To get a fat bit for themselves."

The cards being called for, they played,
 Till Larry found one of them cheated,
 He made a smart stroke at his head
 (The boy being easily heated).
 " Oh ! upon my honour, you thief,
 I'll scuttle your nob with my daddle ;
 You cheat me bekase I'm in grief,
 But soon I'll demolish your noddle,
 And tip you your claret to drink."

The priest then came in with his book,
 He spoke him so smooth and so kind,
 Larry tipp'd him a Kilmainham look,
 And pitched his big wig to the wind ;
 Then, stooping a little his head,
 To get a sweet drop from the bottle,
 And pitiful sighing, he said,

* Candles.

"Oh, the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
And choke my poor windpipe to death."

So moving these last words he spoke,
We all mingled our tears in a shower,
For my part, I thought my heart broke,
To see him cut down like a flower.
On his travels we watch'd him next day ;
Oh, the hangman, I thought I could kill him ;
Not one word poor Larry did say,
Nor changed till he came to King William.*
Then surely his colour turned white.

When he came to the nubbling chit,†
He was tucked up so neat and so pretty ;
The rumbler jogged off from his feet,
And he died with his face to the city :
He kick'd, too, but that was all pride,
For soon you might see 'twas all over ;
Soon after the noose was untied,
And at darkness we wak'd him in clover,
And sent him to sleep underground.

There were several singular individuals whom
my residence in Dublin made me acquainted with.
Some of these have now passed away, others still
survive, and, of course, with respect to them, I
preserve a discreet silence ; nor would I feel justi-
fied in referring to any individual, save in a harm-
less way. As a native bard well wrote—

* The statue of King William in College Green.

† The gallows.

I love a joke that hurts no feeling,
I like a jest no good name stealing.

One of the finest specimens of an Irishman of the last century was a gentleman commonly called T. O. Hara, shortened to T. O., who had been an attorney in former days. He was an octogenarian when I knew him, but full of energy and anecdotes of early life. He had been one of the potentates of the kingdom of Dalkey, a small island near Killiny, on the south-eastern extremity of the Bay of Dublin. Here, in days long past, the annual ceremony of electing a Sovereign was performed. The day usually selected was Sunday, in the close of August, or in the beginning of September, and crossing Dalkey Sound—a channel about three hundred yards wide—in the royal barge, the band playing "God Save the King," was a great event, and a source of considerable revenue to the boatmen. The coronation took place in a little ruined church, where the attendant nobles, with masks or painted faces, wearing their court robes and insignia of office, were in waiting. The chief Ministers of State consisted of the Arch-

bishop, in his paper mitre and venerable beard; the Grand Chamberlain, with a bunch of old rusty keys; the Lord of Ireland's Eye, a grave-looking gentleman, who has lost one of his visual organs; Lord Posey, with a bunch of flowers in his button-hole, and next in rank came the Lord High Admiral, and the Chief Commissioner of the Revenue—T. O'Hara. The royal style and title was not wanting in dignity. Stephen Armitage, a convivial bookseller, reigned under the title of "His facetious Majesty Stephen the First, King of Dalkey, Emperor of the Muglins, Prince of the Holy Island of Magee, Elector of Lambay and Ireland's Eye, Defender of his own Faith and Respecter of all others, Sovereign of the Illustrious Order of the Lobster and Periwinkle."

When the ceremony of the coronation was concluded, the King received petitions, always of a comical kind, and heard complaints made with great gravity. An ode was composed, and sung by all the Court, usually numbering some excellent vocalists. Charles Incledon was knighted at one of these fêtes, under the appropriate title of Sir

Charles Melody. The proceedings terminated in a royal banquet, at which much amusement was elicited. Curran, and other celebrated wits usually took part in these drolleries. As many of the jokes related to the politics of the day, and the close of the last century found Ireland in the vortex of disaffection, Lord Chancellor Clare suspected the convivialities of the kingdom of Dalkey were a cloak to cover rebellion. As his lordship was acquainted with Mr. T. O'Hara, he sent for the facetious attorney.

"Mr. O'Hara," said the Chancellor, "I understand you are officially connected with the kingdom of Dalkey?"

"I am, my lord," said O'Hara.

"What is your title, may I ask?"

"I am Duke of Muglins."

"What post do you hold in the government?"

"Chief Commissioner of the Revenue."

"Any emoluments in right of your office?" asked Lord Clare.

"I am entitled to import ten thousand hogsheads, duty free."

"Indeed! Hogsheads of what, Mr. Commissioner?"

"Salt water, my lord!"

The Chancellor laughed heartily, and was satisfied he need not be uneasy at the prospect of any diminution of the revenue, or danger to the State, from the kingdom of Dalkey.

As a specimen of the annual ode, I give two verses from that composed in 1793:—

Lord of all Dalkey lands,
Chief of our jovial bands,
Are you not man?
With you though peace doth reign,
Nor blood your isle doth stain,
Nor famine here complain,
Are you not man?
What though the realms rejoice,
In your melodious voice,
Kings are but men.
And while each subject sings
God made us men, not kings,
With echo Dalkey rings,
Kings are but men.

The last ode, recited on the 20th August, 1797, is believed to have been composed by Thomas Moore, and if so was one of his earliest efforts.

In the days when duelling was a common mode

of settling all differences, and courage was constantly tried, T. O'Hara held a high place in popular esteem. If not prompt to give "explanation" when offence was imputed, he was always ready to give "satisfaction," and as few contested elections took place in Ireland without burning powder, he was sure to be employed as conducting agent.

Seeing a brother practitioner elbowing his way through the crowded streets of a country town, in the height of the contest, T. O'Hara hallooed out—

"Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"To my lodgings for my pistols," was the reply.

"Oh," answered the more experienced agent, "I always keep mine under the voter's lists."

T. O'Hara was once retained to conduct the election of a gentleman of cowardly temperament and parsimonious disposition. The seat was hotly contested, and from the hustings the opposing candidate poured forth a torrent of invective on T. O'Hara's miserly client. The latter, stung by the attack, which, to his surprise, was proceeding quite

unchecked by any hostile demonstration on the part of the duellist, turned to his conducting agent, and in a tone of reproach, said—

“What do you mean, Mr. O’Hara?”

“How?” enquired T. O.; with a puzzled look.

“Do you hear the abuse I’m getting?”

“To be sure I do,” replied T. O.; “I’m not deaf.”

“And don’t you mean to take notice of it?”

“No, sir,” replied O’Hara; “your fee was not a *fighting fee*.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

A PROVINCIAL VICEREGAL TOUR IN GALWAY—A GALWAY
WAITER—HOW HIS EXCELLENCY GOT HOME AFTER
DINNER—THE GALWAY BALL.

NONE of these stirring events, recorded in my last chapter, enlivened Dublin in my time. Dalkey and duelling were alike out of fashion, and flower-shows, bazaars, fêtes, either at the Castle, the Park, or some nobleman's house in the neighbourhood, constituted the "mild dissipation" of the Viceregal Court. I own I soon wearied of all this, while some of my fellow aids liked it amazingly. They were a very pleasant, lively, gentlemanly set, highly connected, and showing in all they did and said, the highmindedness and careful culture of good birth and breeding.

It was, therefore, to my great satisfaction his Excellency said to me, as we started to the Lodge from Dublin, "O'Shaughnessy, I am about to take a run through Connemara ; would you like the trip?"

"I shall be delighted, my lord," I replied.

"Very good. We must go to a dinner, and, I believe a ball in Galway, and then we shall see the wild scenery poor Maxwell has described in the 'Wild Sports of the West.' "

"When does your Excellency propose to start?"

"I have fixed the day after to-morrow at twelve to leave this."

"I shall be in attendance, my lord."

This promised some variety for me from the very monotonous life I had been leading. I had long wished to visit this wild district, which, in the judgment of competent visitors, was regarded as indescribable. Now I was to see Maam Turk, and the Twelve Bins, and the grand gorge of the Killerees, and, to enhance the enjoyment, in company with one who, like myself, had seen many lands, and one who moreover possessed a highly cultivated mind.

His Excellency was received at the Broadstone Railway Station with marked respect, and I need not say every attention was paid to our personal comfort by the obsequious railway officials. Our

route to Galway awakened many historical reminiscences in the mind of my noble fellow-tourist, and, when we descried the walls of Dangan, associated with the childhood of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, His Excellency said, "The Duke was a better Irishman than he got credit for being."

"O'Connell had no high opinion of his patriotism, my lord," I observed.

"That does not prove much," replied His Excellency. "O'Connell often said things in the heat of the moment which he afterwards deeply regretted. I know he said the duke never felt proud of his country, and attributed to him a statement that the duke regarded his birth in Ireland as the only misfortune of his life. Now I can contradict this. His Grace was in the chair at the first St. Patrick's Charity dinner in London I ever attended, and not only said 'he felt proud of being an Irishman, but gloried in the valour of his countrymen, who were foremost in all the victories which it was his good fortune to witness.' "

The journey across the island from Dublin to Galway is too well known to need any special allu-

sion. His Excellency's presence caused general cheering at all the stations along the line, and I could not fail to see he was highly gratified by the warm reception everywhere accorded to him. "It is quite right," he said to me, "that the Queen's representative should become personally acquainted with the people of this country. Where party has so long divided the population, and each paints the other in such hideous colours, the only plan for a Viceroy to adopt is, if possible, to see and judge for himself."

Athlone and Athenry caused us some delay. This was occasioned by our receiving deputations and addresses, and the crowds that thronged the railway stations and adjacent streets were vociferous in their demonstrations of respect. The addresses breathed a spirit of loyalty to the throne, and affection for our Most Gracious Sovereign, which I trust will never be weakened in Ireland.

"You Irish are a fine people," said his lordship, as we proceeded towards the City of the Tribes. "Kindness, consideration, and fair play are all that are needed to retain your affection, and,

please God, while I have influence you shall have them."

We next reached the terminus at Galway. Nothing could surpass the heartiness of the reception we met here. His Excellency was received by a deputation of the municipal authorities, accompanied by the Lieutenant of the county, the High Sheriff, the county and borough Members of Parliament, and all the public functionaries. Triumphal arches spanned the entrance to the station, and flags fluttered across the streets or waved from the house-tops. Addresses were read, to which his Excellency briefly responded, and we entered the High Sheriff's carriage amidst the cheers of the assembled multitude, while the Galway band played the National Anthem.

His Excellency preferred having apartments taken for us to staying at any of the many houses to which he had been invited; and the banquet and ball committee, fearing the noise and bustle of the crowded hotels might interfere with his comfort, took most excellent apartments for us not far from the hotel where the banquet was

fixed to take place. His Excellency highly approved of this arrangement, and as he felt somewhat tired after his long journey, and, I suspect, wished for a little time to arrange the topics of his speech for the banquet, I left him while I strolled out to see the town. I know no place which, to the lover of the picturesque, offers a greater treat than Galway. Quaint old houses, rich in Spanish or Moorish architecture, meet the eye at every turn, while the olive complexion of the men, and graceful forms of the women, remind the beholder of the Spanish people. I noticed sculptured gateways and arched entrances similar to those I had seen in prints of Grenada or Burgos. I was glad to find in the High Sheriff a brother officer, Captain Marcus Blake, with whose family I had long been well acquainted, and he showed me great politeness on hearing I knew his relatives, and claimed the privilege of taking charge of me at the grand banquet.

The business of dressing for dinner was duly completed, and as the distance from our domicile to the banqueting hall of the hotel was very short,

his Excellency and I walked thither. We were received by the stewards, and several of the more distinguished of the company were presented. The chair was taken by the Lieutenant of the County, who was supported by the civic dignitaries, the Catholic Bishop, and the leading gentry of town and country. The Tribes were well represented ; there were Burkes, Blakes, Bodkins, Martins, Lynchs, Ffrenches, Joyces, and others too numerous to mention, and each vied with his neighbour in honouring their noble guest. As part and parcel of the high functionary, some of the glory fell upon me, and I was well looked after. Even the attendants showed their anxiety to rival their employers in making us feel at home, and one waiter was so assiduous in his adhesion to the Viceroy and myself, that I could not help pointing him out to my friend the High Sheriff.

"Oh, Paddy Blake is a privileged person," said the Sheriff. "He claims to be a cousin of mine, and is quite a character in his way."

Paddy, hearing his name uttered, instantly said,

"Coming, sir," and bearing a dish, asked me "would I take some *pays*?"

"What a fine jontleman the lord leftenant is, sir?" continued Paddy to me.

"Yes," I said, "and he is better; he is a good man."

"Does your honour think he'd have any little situation that would shoot a poor fellow like me?" inquired the waiter, eagerly.

The High Sheriff laughed heartily at this "put in," and said—

"Had you better not ask him, Paddy?"

The words were hardly uttered before Paddy was on his way to the head of the table. Owing to the position of the High Sheriff and myself, we could hear what followed. Paddy very gravely held the vegetables over the Viceroy's shoulder, and, as his Excellency was about helping himself, Paddy quietly said—

"I do not think these 'pays' is well biled, my lord."

"Thank you, my man; I thank you," repeated his Excellency.

"May be your lordship would have some little

asy place that I could fill?" said the undaunted Paddy. "I'm the head waiter to the bar mess, my lord, and now that I'm ould and stiff, I'm tired of going circuit, and I'd be for ever obligated if your lordship would give me a little asy place."

"At present I have not any," replied Lord Naworth, greatly amused at this singularly timed application. It was suddenly terminated by one of the stewards, who beckoned Paddy away, and gave him a severe rating for bothering his Excellency about an "asy place."

The speech of the night was his Excellency's, whose health was the signal for a burst of cheering, which tried the roof of the hotel. He thanked the noble chairman for the manner in which he proposed, and the company for the enthusiasm with which they received, his name. He thanked the committee for their invitation to their ancient town, with which he was familiar from the important place it held in Irish commercial enterprise in past, as well as in present times. He mentioned how the renown of Galway induced the Dutchman—whose notion of the geography of this

country was rather hazy—to inquire “in what part of Galway Ireland lay,” and hinted at the prospect of Galway being the great port for communication between Europe and America, winding up with a graceful compliment to “the sporting achievements of the men of Galway, the renown of the Blazers, and the loveliness of the maidens of Connaught,” which caused immense cheering. All went merrily until midnight, and I was called to a sense of my duty as aide-de-camp by the High Sheriff exclaiming, “Why, O’Shaughnessy, what’s become of his Excellency? he was in his seat a minute ago.” To seize the first hat that came in my way, to rush into the hall of the hotel, and inquire of the waiters “if they knew where was the Lord Lieutenant,” was the work of a moment. He had disappeared as if by magic. No one could say where he was, but a man passing by said “he saw a white-headed old gent, whom he thought a bit screwed, crossing the square the minute before.”

Upon hearing this I dashed off, as fast as I could, in the direction of the house in which we were

located, and from afar I heard loud voices, one of which was, unmistakably, that of his Excellency Lord Naworth, Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland. He was trying to edge in a word in reply to a shower of invectives which fell from the upper room of a house fast as a voluble woman could utter them. Her angry words were these :—

“ Go home, you dilapidated ould reprobate, and don’t be disturbing the pace of quiet people, and rousin’ innocent craters out of their beds at this time o’ night.”

“ Come down, my good woman, and let me in,” blandly besought the Viceroy.

“ Get along wid you, you ould sinner,” she screamed. This was followed by an impatient knocking at the door on the part of his lordship, who had evidently mistaken the house for our domicile, and, as the injured innocent cherub aloft loudly vociferated “ Polis ! Polis ! ” there is no knowing what the result might have been had I not interferred.

“ My lord, you are wrong ; it is the house with

the light, lower down, where your apartments are," I said, in a low tone, indicating a house at least a dozen doors off.

"Eh! bless my soul, O'Shaughnessy! Then I have made a confounded mistake, and must apologize."

The polite nobleman would have entered into an explanation with the fierce beldame, but I suggested, "Better get out of the night air, my lord. Your Excellency came away without your hat."

"Eh! do you say so?" he said, putting his hand to his head; and adding, with a hearty laugh, "If *Punch* gets hold of this, they'll say strange things of my trip to Galway."

We kept our own counsel, and *Punch* had no article or illustration to disturb the equanimity of Lord Naworth.

The next day we had to visit the College, and the Gaol, and the Workhouse, and other public institutions. Then we lunched with the Town Council, and received no end of deputations and all manner of addresses. In the evening we went to the ball.

People may talk of balls. I have had my experience of Almack's, and Governor-Generals' fêtes, Castle festivities and court assemblies, but for real, hearty, undeniable merriment, give me a Galway ball. It is not the size of the rooms, or the brilliancy of the lights, or the taste of the decorations, or the excellence of the music. These may be equalled, nay, are surpassed elsewhere. But the loveliness of the girls, the brightness of their smiles, the merriment of their laugh, the readiness of their repartee, cannot be produced anywhere else. This was the estimate of his Excellency in confidence to me, after he, as well as myself, had enjoyed to our heart's content the Galway ball.

His Excellency was extremely fond of dancing, and danced well. I have seen him approach a deputation from a grave and learned society of antiquaries with a double shuffle, as though he was dancing a hornpipe; and now, with lovely girls, delighted at the chance of having a live lord, not to say the Viceroy, for a partner, he was resolved to go through the programme with rigid

observance. He had to do some duty dances, but, these over, he picked out the prettiest girls in the room, and quadrilles, waltzes, galops, and "La Tempête" were steadily and perseveringly danced.

As the rank, beauty, and fashion of the province attended this ball, it was a complete success, and we wound up with a country dance the like of which I had not seen in all my life. There was his Excellency with Miss Lynch, the handsomest girl in the room, racing up the middle and down again like two-year-olds running for the Kirwans, the Galway Militia band changing from "Kitty's Rambles to Youghal" to "The Priest in his Boots," or "The Coaxing Husband and the Scolding Wife," "Tattered Jack Walsh," or some other popular tune, till I feared our lively Viceroy would fall in a fit. "I never passed a pleasanter night," he said, when, putting his arm through mine, we sought our pillows to prepare for our tour on the morrow.

CHAPTER XIX.

LOUGH CORRIB—FATHER DALY—GRACE O'MALLEY—THE VICEROY ADVOCATES WOMAN'S RIGHTS—THE INN OF MAAM AND THE ROAST GOOSE—HOW FATHER NED RESCUED PAT BRALLAGHAN FROM THE DEVIL.

WITH the lively notes of the "Blazers' Galop" ringing in my ears, and the effects of copious libations of the "Blazers'" champagne yet humming in my brain, I accompanied his Excellency to the little steamboat in which we were to navigate Lough Corrib. What a day that was! The bright sun shone from a cloudless sky, and all Galway wore an air of revelry. As Byron did *not* write—

There was a sound of merriment by day,
And Connaught's capital had gathered then,
Her beauty and her chivalry ; and they
Looked all to me fair women and brave men.
Ten thousand throats roared loudly ; oh ! but when
" God save the Queen " rose with its loyal swell,
Mingling with tinklings of the steamboat's bell,
There was more fun than I have power to tell.

Everybody looked happy, and the Viceroy hap-

piest of all. The state and ceremony which met our advent at the railway had lost all its stiffness, and a kindly feeling took its place. His Excellency noticed this, and whispered to me—

“ Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur
Majestas et amor.”

Yet there was no lack of respect. The officials again met to speed the parting guest, and from

The Minister down to the Clerk of the Crown (a venerable personage, by the way) all were assembled. “ Waiting upon the representative of the Sovereign,” as one of the local papers stated in reference to our navigation of Lough Corrib, “ was a distinguished party. All the accessories of the ceremony of his Excellency’s embarkation on board the *Father Daly* steamer were commensurate with, and aptly denoted the importance of his Excellency’s first voyage in Galway and Mayo waters. This ceremony, we consider, ought to be viewed in a national as well as local point of view. There were present the heads of the great public board charged with the naval administration of the turf-boats and the two steamers, likewise the naval and

military authorities of the district ; while the borough and county representatives in the House of Commons, the magistrates, and the merchants whose great intelligence, spirit, and enterprise have made the name of Galway familiar as a household word in the vocabulary of commerce in the New World as in the Old, mustered upon this important occasion."

Oh, it was extremely exhilarating ; and amid the strains of music from the band of the Galway Militia, the smiles of the "girls," and the cheers of the "boys," we departed on our liquid way from the hospitable town of Galway.

Father Daly, the respected parish priest, who was indefatigable in securing for his Excellency a right Irish welcome, accompanied us, in order to point out all the objects of interest within sight as we crossed the lake. When the stately towers of the Queen's College were in sight, his Excellency remarked to Father Peter that he was sorry to hear, from the President, that the building was very damp.

"Yes, my lord," replied Father Peter, with a look

of great drollery upon his fine benevolent countenance. "Don't you know the reason?"

"I suppose the site is bad ; indeed it struck me as having been built too near the lake," answered Lord Naworth.

"It is not so much that, my lord, but it wants the *Roman cement*," chuckled Father Peter.

His Excellency could not help smiling at the priest's sarcasm.

Menlough Castle, the ancient seat of the Blakes, next claimed our attention. It possessed considerable interest for Lord Naworth, whose scientific studies made him familiar with the works of the celebrated Kirwan, President of the Royal Irish Academy, who had married a daughter of Sir Thomas Blake and resided here after his marriage.

"Was he any relation of the celebrated preacher?" asked Lord Naworth.

"Yes, they were cousins," replied Father Peter. "You know, I suppose, the great preacher had been a priest before he became a parson ? His uncle, the Catholic bishop, tried to dissuade him

from taking orders, as he never thought he had much of a vocation, and, though grieved by the scandal the great orator gave when he went over, he was not surprised when told his nephew had changed his religion ; all he said was, ‘ My dear, I never thought he *had any religion to change.*’ ”

The scenery did not impress us much while we proceeded smoothly over the expanse of the Corribbean Sea. Our course was defined by numerous buoys, and this, I have no doubt, was requisite to prevent us striking the bottom. We noticed a vast number of islands, most of them small. Father Daly pointed to a distant one, on which some traces of old walls were visible.

“ That is called *Islan na Circ*, or the Hen’s Island,” he said, “ where Granu Uaile, or Grace O’Malley, the celebrated Irish princess, had a summer dwelling.”

“ The name is a strange one,” I remarked.

“ It deceived some Scotch soldiers,” said the priest, “ when they heard it called *Islan na Circ*; they thought *circ* meant *kirk*, and being of a religious turn of mind”—

"Like O'Shaughnessy," interrupted the Viceroy, jocularly.

"Exactly," continued Father Peter; "they got a boat to convey them to *Islan na Circ.* They had to say their own prayers, for neither church nor chapel were before them."

"What a singular woman was Grace O'Malley!" observed his Excellency. "Had she lived in our day, Mrs. Helpmate and her talented sisters would have an active and able coadjutor in their agitation for the rights of women."

"Don't you think Mrs. Helpmate and her followers are going too far?" asked the priest.

"Not in what they ask," replied his Excellency. "They say that women who have property, and who are taxed as we are, and bound in the same way to obey the laws, ought to have equal rights with us. Therefore they claim the privilege we enjoy of being represented in Parliament, to watch how their money is applied, and to see how the laws which bind them are framed."

"Would not giving these privileges to females tend to the neglect of their duties at home, my lord?"

"I should be much disappointed if it had that effect," replied his Excellency. "I have a very exalted opinion of the sex, and would trust them. A true woman—be she mother, wife, or spinster—will be a woman still in her affection, in her duty, and in her modesty. I would trust them."

"Granu Uaile was hardly a domestic wife," observed the priest.

"She was an exception, which proves the rule, Father Daly," said his lordship. "My friend Sam Ferguson has beautifully described your Connaught Zenobia :—

"She left the close-aired land of trees,
And proud MacWilliam's palace,
For clear bare Clare's health-saluted breeze,
Her oarsmen and her galleys.
And where beside the bending strand
The rock and billow wrestle,
Between the deep sea and the land
She built her island castle.

"Her life on the ocean wave is thus spiritedly told," continued his lordship :—

"But no, 'twas not for sordid spoil
Of barque or seaboard borough,
She ploughed with unfatiguing toil
The fluent rolling furrow.

Delighting, on the broad-backed deep,
To feel the quivering galley
Strain up the opposing hill, and sweep
Down the withdrawing valley :
Or speed before a driving blast,
By following seas uplifted,
Catch from the huge heaps driving past,
And from the spray they drifted,
And from the winds that tossed the crest
Of each wide-shouldering giant,
The smack of freedom, and the zest
Of rapturous life defiant.

“ Nor was her land life less graphically described :—

“ Nor wanting quite the lonely isle
In civic life’s adornings:
The Brehon’s court might well beguile
A learned lady’s mornings.
Quaint though the clamorous claim, and rude
The pleading that conveyed it,
Right conscience made the judgment good,
And loyal love obeyed it.”

“ These are in Ferguson’s true Celtic style, and show how delightful it is to hear poetry from a poet’s lips,” said the priest, with an emphasis that showed he felt what he said. Suddenly turning to the Viceroy, he said, “ In speaking of the past, my lord, we must not forget the present. You are here in a *terra incognita*, and, as my pastoral duties oblige me to leave you at Cong, I must indicate the best halting-place for you to sleep in.”

"Thank you very much," answered Lord Naworth.

"It is now only two o'clock," said Father Daly, consulting a timepiece that, in the words of an Irish song, you

Might asy rowl a turnip in—

"by three we shall be in Cong. An hour will enable you to see the ruins and lunch with Sir Hopton Maltby, whose carriage will be at the landing-place to meet us. I know he will want you to dine and sleep, but if you decline and wish to push on, you will find a very comfortable and clean inn at Maam, kept by a civil man named Ring. This I recommend in preference to the inn at Leenane, some miles further on."

"O'Shaughnessy, please take down the address," said the Lord Lieutenant to me.

I obeyed, and as we sat on deck the worthy priest amused us with an account of Maxwell, author of "Wild Sports of the West," with whom he was well acquainted.

"Maxwell was detained here at Maam by severe

weather," said Father Peter, "and had ordered a roast goose for dinner, when two decent men, farmers, on their way to the fair of Westport, were driven by the storm to take shelter in the inn. They asked for dinner and beds. There were plenty of beds, but no dinner.

"'What do you call this?' said one of them; Mr. Dixon, pointing to the fat goose that was pirouetting and simmering genteelly on the spit.

"'That bird is bespoke by his reverence upstairs,' said the landlord.

"'I'm nephew of Father Feighan,' said Dixon's companion, 'and it's not likely his reverence upstairs, whoever he is, would refuse a bit to the nephew of a brother priest.'

"'But he's not a brother priest, man alive,' said the landlord; 'he's a parson.'

"'Priest or parson I'll invite myself to dine off the goose,' said Mr. Dixon.

"'No fear that your modesty will ever stand in the way of your comfort, *Shawn avourneen*,'* replied the landlord.

* John dear.

"No sooner said than done. Mr. Dixon mounted the stairs, and found Maxwell in a disconsolate mood. He was one of the most genial, social creatures I ever knew, and had not a soul to speak to, and the prospect of a dull evening without a companion, was enough to drive him crazy. Dixon knew the Prebendary of Balla by sight, and better by reputation, and, feeling quite sure of his man, inquired if he 'might take the liberty of enjoying Mr. Maxwell's society.'

"With the greatest possible pleasure,' said the other. 'Whom have I the good fortune to address?'

"'My name is Dixon,' said Johnny, 'but there is a friend of mine downstairs, nephew of the respected Father Feighan, who would gladly be introduced to one of your celebrity. In fact, it appears that the only dinner is that bird which saved the Capitol, but we will be content with the drumsticks if you will preside at the dissection.'

"Maxwell laughed heartily and bade Johnny produce his friend, and the trio polished off the goose. When the bones were removed, a quart bottle of potheen, a bowl of sugar, and a kettle

of boiling water was soon converted into whisky punch.

Conversation followed upon various topics, till Maxwell, addressing Mr. Feighan, said, "I have been told your reverend uncle once had a set-to with the old boy, and bothered him. If you know the particulars, and could relate them to me, I shall be greatly obliged."

"Indeed I shall have very great pleasure in doing so," responded Mr. Feighan ; "I tell it as I have heard it myself." He took a good pull at his tumbler, and then he went on, "The time shortly after the battle of Waterloo, all the country banks got smashed, and the farmers were hard set to keep paying the high rents of war times. However, people may talk about Boney, no man can deny him one thing ; he was a fine warrant to *sell a pig*, and any sort of farm produce went down when he was taken off to St. Helena. Now Pat Brallaghan, of Mount Brallaghan, who was a parishioner of my uncle Father Ned's, but a very bad member of the Church, for he never darkened the chapel door or paid his dues—Pat was behind with his rent,

and was about being ejected for non-payment. While in this state of pecuniary embarrassment, he took to drinking, and vowed 'he did not care what became of him, and would go to blazes for money if it was to be got on the road.' Old Nick, who they say goes about like a roaring beast seeking for stray souls, came in Pat's way, and struck a bargain with him. Pat sold himself for a thousand pounds down, and was to have a jingling, jostling jollification of a life for ten years, but no longer. Them was the words, the ould boy wrote it all down, and Pat signed the note. All of a sudden, when the ten years were nearly out, Pat Brallaghan came to Father Feighan, and told him what he had done, and how sorry he was for being so wicked.

"'It's a bad business, my child,' said uncle Ned, 'but put your trust in the Church, and I'll see you through it.'

"When the ten years were over, sure enough the priest and Pat Brallaghan were discoorsing one evening in Pat's parlour, when in comes old Clooty, without as much as knocking at the hall door. '

"‘What brings you here, you reprobate?’ said Uncle Ned.

“‘No harm, I suppose,’ said the ould boy, ‘for a gentleman to claim his own property.’

“‘Sartainly not,’ said Father Feighan, ‘but you must show a good claim to the property.’

“‘That’s asy done at present, anyhow,’ said Ould Nick ; ‘come, Mr. Brallaghan asthore, we have a long road before us, and night is coming on. Let us be moving, an’ I’ll promise you a warm reception in my dominions.’

“‘The last is true at all events, I go bail,’ said Father Ned ; ‘but, you deluderer, what call have you to a parishioner of mine?’

“‘You may well be proud of your parishioner,’ retorted the other. ‘You know he hasn’t been inside the chapel for a month of Sundays, and never thinks of goin’ to his duty. But whether he does or not, he is mine under his own hand.’

“‘Where’s the proof?’ eagerly demanded Uncle Ned.

“‘Here,’ said the ould boy, putting his hand into

his breeches pocket, and lugging out the promissory note.

"‘Did you sign the note, Pat?’ asked the priest of Pat Brallaghan.

“‘I did,’ said Pat, ‘certainly. I’ll tell no lie about it.’

“‘Do not, my poor child,’ cried Father Ned ; ‘your salvation depends on your telling the truth, and we’ll shame the devil.’

“‘Come, my poor child,’ mimicked the ould boy, ‘put on your coat, for I know you’re delicate, mavourneen ; come asthore, and let us be going.’

“‘Asy, man, asy. Was it of your own free will you signed the note?’ demanded Father Ned.

“‘No!’ said Pat Brallaghan. ‘I was in such a hould for my rent, I’d do anything to get the money.’

“‘Was there valuable consideration given for the note, Pat?’ inquired Father Ned.

“Old Nick got quite indignant. ‘Pon my honour, Father Ned,’ said he, ‘I’m surprised at you. I despise your base insinuation. I know you have not the best opinion of me, but I did not think

you'd suspect me of being so mane as to take any man's note without giving full value. He had the cash in bright yellow gold. I counted a thousand sovereigns into his fist.'

"Let me see the note ; maybe the stamp is not all right,' said Father Ned, reaching out his hand.

"Will you restore it to me after you have seen it ?" inquired his satanic majesty.

"I'll lay it upon the table, upon my word," replied the priest.

"Then take it,' said the other ; 'you see stamp and signature are both regular.'

Father Feighan was nearly knocked down by the smell of brimstone from the note.

"Tear-an-ages ! how hot it is !" said he. 'By your leave I'll cool it a little,' and he dashed a small bottle of holy water upon it, as he flung the note upon the table. 'Now,' cried he, triumphantly, as the arch-enemy glared with the rage of a baffled demon, 'now Satan, begone ; away with you to the bottomless pit, and touch the note if you dare.'

The devil was obliged to beat a retreat, and

vanished in a flash of fire. Pat Brallaghan flung himself before Father Ned, and from that day to the day of his death, which was not for twenty years after, he never missed mass, was regular at his station, and punctual with his dues before any other man in the barony. And now," said Father Daly, "that I have finished my story, I must hand your Excellency over to the care of one of the best of men, Sir Hopton Maltby."

CHAPTER XX.

CONG—THE MALTBY'S—THE DOOR OF THE FORGE—OUR ROAD TO MAAM—HOW WE DIDN'T GET INTO THE INN.

CONG was our place for going ashore, and the assembled crowds testified their knowledge that his Excellency was on his tour through Connemara. The little cove was quite alive with boats, decked out with flags and streamers that fluttered in the evening breeze. As we approached the shore the banks were black with thousands of the natives who had come from all quarters to bid us welcome. The mountains in the distance looked proudly down upon the lake studded with islands, and on their lofty peaks the lights and shadows played. We could see the ruins of the stately monastery of Cong, founded by St. Fechan as far back as A.D. 664. No wonder it looks old now.
“Here,” said his Excellency, “Roderick

O'Conor, the last King of Ireland, passed the closing years of his life. He died here in 1198."

"It is said he lies buried here," said Father Daly, "but that is not the fact. According to the Annals of the Four Masters, his remains were removed from this to Clonmacnois, and buried there on the north side of the altar."

We had now reached the pier, and Sir Hopton Maltby, with several other county magnates, came on board to receive his Excellency. Sir Hopton said he had his waggonette ready for His Excellency's use during his stay in Connemara, and proffered us bed and board at Elmpark, his beautiful seat. The Viceroy thanked him for his attention, and accepted the use of the carriage, but regretted the short time at his disposal prevented his sleeping at Elmpark, but he intended, however, to call and pay his respects to Lady Blanche. Several presentations then took place, and as both the Father Dalys—the worthy priest and the steamboat—were returning to the City of the Tribes, we bade Father Peter adieu, with reiterated thanks for his great attention to us. Sir

Hopton then took us in charge, and wisely deeming our appetites sharpened by our voyage, ordered his postillions to drive first to Elmpark. This tasteful and commodious mansion commands some charming views of the lake, and Abbey of Cong ; and here the honours are very gracefully discharged by Lady Blanche Maltby, who vied with her large-hearted husband in making his Excellency and me quite at home in her hospitable house.

As I knew we had much to see, and scant time for seeing, and the Viceroy felt so comfortable, chatting with Lady Blanche about their mutual Belgravian acquaintances, I was obliged to hint pretty plainly that the carriage was waiting to take us to the Abbey. Lady Blanche said "she would be our guide to the ruins," and, as they were close at hand, we walked over. Thanks to the liberality of the late Sir Benjamin Maltby, the munificent restorer of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Dublin, this fine old Abbey of Cong is in very excellent preservation, and is well worthy the tourist's inspection.

"Now," said Lady Blanche, "come this way, and you will see architectural triumphs."

She led us round the building until we stood before three arched doorways of singular excellence, each a specimen of Saxon, Gothic, and Norman ornate styles. The Norman was one of the most elaborate and finished arches that his Excellency or I had ever seen ; and as we had both travelled far and seen much, this is no light praise. We were loud in our expression of admiration.

"I knew you would be delighted with them," said our lovely *cicerone*, "and now I must tell you how a lot of money was won by our Norman doorway."

"We shall be much obliged, Lady Blanche," said Lord Naworth.

"Well, then, you must know that when Sir Hopton's father bought this estate, it was a perfect wilderness. These beautiful ruins were tumbling down daily, and the hallowed abbey was used for sheltering cattle and keeping pigs. This portion," she continued, pointing to the Norman arch, "was walled in behind, and roofed for a smith's forge. A gentleman from this neighbourhood, who was on a visit with a friend in England, was taken by

his friend to see one of the cathedrals, I think Salisbury, and shown a door of exquisite workmanship. The Irish gentleman's admiration was not expressed so warmly as his companion expected.

"‘ Surely you have nothing to equal this in Ireland ?’ he said.

"‘ Have not we indeed,’ replied the Connaughtman ; ‘ I’ll bet you fifty pounds that I’ll show you a door of a smith’s forge in Ireland handsomer than that.’

"‘ Are you joking ?’ demanded the Englishman.

"‘ Oh ! bedad, I’m not, but in sober earnest,’ replied Paddy.

"‘ The bet was made, an architect was employed to examine the door which now stands before you, and the English visitor to Cong no sooner saw the door of the forge, than he admitted he lost the bet, which the architect confirmed by his report.”

As evening was drawing on we were obliged to make our farewell bows to Lady Blanche and Sir Hopton. As we drove along his estate I could not help pointing out to his Excellency the improved condition of the country people.

"There is one marked feature in the rural population which I cannot forbear noticing with pleasure," I said. "It is the comfortable appearance of the farm labourers here. There was an air of comfort and independence about those we have seen in Cong, which was never to be seen when I was a boy. There was nothing of that dead, lifeless despondency, that utter stagnation of spirit, of which generations of scanty wages—eightpence a day for men and fourpence for women, was the inevitable result."

"I have thought much about the Irish poor," remarked Lord Naworth. "Their hard, unceasing, unremunerated toil, their short and insufficient food, and no intellectual enjoyment, tended necessarily to break their spirits. It has done much to convert these hewers of wood and drawers of water from reasoning creatures into animal machines. Then they lived in mud hovels, which they shared with the pig, happy if they had one. I will never be satisfied that Ireland can be peaceable until the people are comfortably housed, fairly paid, and, therefore, able to purchase better and more

abundant food. This improved state will in time lead to independence of character, love of industry, and ambition to get on. Small holdings and spade labour may be tried on a limited scale. The crawling, whining sycophant will then be no longer seen, and the manly, stalwart, well-to-do labourer will be a credit to his native land."

We now reached some very beautiful scenery, and as our road skirted the waters of Lough Corrib we beheld numerous islands, and the background formed of Joyce's mountains soaring aloft. At one angle of the road our postillions drew up, and pointed out Lough Mask, with the mountains of Mayo, over which the veil of coming night was gradually descending. His Excellency desired our charioteers to halt at the inn of Maam, where we proposed staying for the night according to Father Daly's instructions, and ere long the majestic scenery of Connemara burst on us in full splendour. The tall ridge of Maam was backed and overtopped by the Partree range, while nearly opposite the little inn was the Meeting of the Waters. The Failmore and Bealanabrack rivers mingled their tides, and

flowed beneath a boldly arched bridge to the bay of the Killarees.

"This is well worth visiting, indeed," cried Lord Naworth, "and I am much obliged to Father Daly for indicating so pleasant a halting-place. See, O'Shaughnessy, what the larder is like, and if we can get comfortable and well-aired beds."

We had now halted in front of the little inn, and I own I was struck by the singular apathy of mine host and his subordinates. True, I had often experienced this kind of nonchalance about Irish inns, where the proprietor seldom takes the trouble personally to

"Greet the coming—speed the parting guest;"

but surely methought, it is not every day a carriage and four halts before an inn like this, without some one, landlord or landlady, waiter or chambermaid, ostler or boots, to answer a summons. All was silent, the door was shut, and I had to knock before any one appeared.

"This hardly bears out Father Daly's encomiums," remarked Lord Naworth.

"Perhaps the landlord is dead or asleep," was my reply

"In either case he'll have to be *waked*," said his lordship, pleasantly.

Some sounds of life were now stirring, and the door was at last opened by a man, if I could call the abject creature by that name. Never shall I forget the misery pictured in his face. He trembled in every limb, and, dropping on his knees cried out, in piteous accents, "Mercy! my Lord! mercy!"

"Get up, man," I said; "what do you mean by this foolery?"

"Oh! my lord, don't blame me! don't ruinate me and my little family!"

He still continued to whine like a beaten hound —"Mercy! mercy!"

"What does all this mean?" asked Lord Naworth, descending from the waggonette.

"Oh, my lord," ejaculated the wretched suppliant, "'tis not my doing. I'm under orders, my lord—I'm under orders."

"What do you mean, man? Are you in your senses?" again demanded his Excellency.

"Wisha, then, my lord, 'twould be no wonder if I wasn't," said the wretched man. "I got the most elegant dinner that ever was set on a table, and a bed fit for the blessed Queen, in hopes of your lordship's custom, when I heard from Father Daly you might be staying here for the night, and now, my lord, I can't let you in."

"Not let me in!" cried his Excellency, in blank amazement. "Do you know who I am?"

"I suspect, my lord, the Lord Lieutenant."

"And how comes it, sir, that you, an innkeeper, bound by law to receive any traveller, be he high or low, and bound to provide meat and drink for travellers, dare to deny me and this gentleman admittance to your inn?"

"Oh, my lord, too sorry and grieved I am to-night," cried the wretched man, wringing his hands with every demonstration of woe; "but my landlord was resolved to spite you, my lord, and he sent me a letter this morning that I was to gather the neighbours, and have every bed taken, and every room filled, so that no more could find room, and if your lordship asked for accommodation you

could not get it. If I refused I was to be ejected out of the inn. This is the truth, my lord."

"Who is your landlord?" I enquired in much astonishment.

"Lord Absolute, your honour," said the inn-keeper.

"Whew," whistled the Viceroy. "I might have guessed it, but I did not know he possessed any property in this neighbourhood. I don't blame you, my man," said he, kindly, to the unhappy innkeeper. "You have only obeyed your orders. Is there another inn in this part of the country?"

"Foreman's inn, at Leenane, is about five miles," replied the man.

We re-entered the waggonette, and bade the postillions push on briskly to Leenane. Our first impulse was to laugh in chorus, which we did long and heartily.

"Well, O'Shaughnessy," exclaimed his Excellency, when he found voice to speak, "you are the most incomprehensible nation upon the face of God's earth. To think of any nobleman indulging his spleen against an unoffending official, because

he could not do as this nobleman wished ; and to induce a poor innkeeper to shut his door on a customer, by way of punishing the Viceroy, is really too absurd."

"Could not the innkeeper be punished, my lord ?" I enquired.

"There seems to have been method in Lord Absolute's anger against me," replied his Excellency. "An innkeeper is liable either to an action or an indictment if, *having room*, he refuses to admit any traveller seeking to make use of his inn. Now Lord Absolute was, no doubt, aware of this when he ordered his tenant to fill the inn beforehand, so that when I came there might be no room."

"What could his motive be?" I asked.

"It is shortly this :—Lord Absolute, who I understand is not very popular, was fired at, as landlords are in some parts of your country, and as the person who fired the shot could not be traced, though I desired every step to be taken for that purpose, Lord Absolute considered me either supine or indifferent about his protection, and to this I attribute his extraordinary conduct."

"He ought to be punished," I said.

"Personally I shall not notice it," replied his Excellency, proudly; "but regarding the position I hold, as representative of the Queen, I shall leave the matter to the discretion of the Lord Chancellor. If he thinks any one capable of thus treating the Viceroy fit to hold Her Majesty's Commission of the Peace he may do so, but I don't think he will."

We were soon lost in admiration of the beautiful scenery of Leenane, in Irish *lionan cean mare*—the head of the sea. Our road for some time climbed steep defiles, with tall steep mountains frowning overhead. There was a lonely and solitary grandeur about these giant barriers which now, in the sombre darkness of twilight, were well calculated to inspire terror to superstitious minds. We met no fellow-travellers, and the village of Leenane looked a collection of wretched cabins as we drove rapidly through. The whitewashed police-station was by far the best house in the place, and near this we found the two-storied mansion known to tourists as the Leenane Hotel.

CHAPTER XXI.

LEENANE—THE DISMAL WAITRESS—OUR RETURN TO DUBLIN—THE BARON'S REVENGE—A RENEWAL OF LOVE—THE CASTLE OFFICIALS.

AT Leenane matters were more promising for our admission to the inn. A crowd of men and boys came readily to help the postillions in unharnessing the horses, and in taking them to the stables. I got the best apartments in the house for his Excellency. Luckily the larder was much better supplied than I had hoped, and a very good dinner, and some very fair wine, satisfied the cravings of hunger and thirst. In the evening the sub-inspector of constabulary waited on me. He wished to know if there was anything in his power to serve his Excellency, and he told me some pretty views were to be had by water. He offered to procure us a boat in the morning, and did so, in which we had a row to the head of the Killerees, which we enjoyed much.

The waitress of our inn was a dismal, melancholy woman, who looked as though the world went hard with her ; poor soul, I fear it did. While glean- ing some information from her respecting our route through Dick Martin's country, she said, with a sigh, "I know the place well, sir, me and my poor husband—rest his sowl—lived there many a year in the ould times."

"Indeed. Then you saw a great deal of the family, I suppose?"

"We did, sir, and 'tis they were the fine generous people. My husband was the butler, and had fine wages."

"What might they have been?" I asked, almost unintentionally."

"A hunder and fifty pounds a year."

I felt much inclined to ask, "Were the wages ever paid?" when she herself answered my intended query. "The Martins were often pushed for money in those times, sir, and as we did not want for anything, we left the wages lie, Mick's and mine, for interest, and neither of us drew our salaries ; and then, sir, when ould Mr. Martin died, leaving

our poor young lady, the property was over heads and ears in debt, so we lost every penny. Poor Mick died broken-hearted, our young lady died aboard ship, and I had to support four childer beside myself."

This accounted for her sad, spiritless face, and I felt glad to see it lightened by a smile as she received a more than ordinary fee from her night's guests.

We left Leenane by noon. The route to Clifden brought us by the giant mountains of the Killerees. *Kaoil-shaly-ruad* (narrow red brine) as the strait which divides Ballynahinch, or Connemara, in the County Galway, from Murrish, in the County of Mayo, is called. His Excellency was delighted with Connemara, and declared "he did not know why persons should wander to the Alps or the Pyrenees when there was such fine scenery close to their doors." He thought these finer passes than any he had met with in the Highlands of Scotland.

We journeyed along swiftly and pleasantly in Sir Hopton's carriage, lunched at Kylemore, where one of the present popular members for the county of Galway has erected his magnificent castle, and

reached Clifden in the evening. Mr. Hare received us at his fine castle with great kindness. We admired the views from Clifden Castle, and next morning proceeded on our way towards Galway. After a due inspection of the objects worth noticing along our route, we arrived in Galway in time for dinner, having made quite the circle of Lough Corrib. His Excellency did not wish to have any further ceremony in Galway, so I took our apartments at the hotel quietly, and we returned to Dublin next morning by the ordinary train.

Of course the way in which his Excellency had been treated, while on his Connemara tour, got wind, as such things are safe to do, and many and fierce were the comments poured upon the head of Lord Absolute. Of these squibs—in verse and prose—in “Rhymes on the Road,” and leaded leaders, which found their way into print, I select the following for two reasons. First, it is very nearly quite accurate; and, secondly, it was composed by a very valued friend of mine, who, I am sure, will not object to seeing it gracing these pages, written by one whose first book was revised by him before publication.

THE BARON'S REVENGE.

A TERRIBLE HISTORY.

Lord Absolute sits in easy-chair,
But far from easy I trow is he ; .
He has somewhat the look of an angry bear,
With his fingers thrust through his tangled hair,
As with foot on fender, and elbow on knee,
In lonely wrath he ruminates there.
And he grinds his teeth, and he mutters a curse—
Ah ! me, I fear he'll do something worse,
Than dash the poker thus at the fire,
Before he has sated his lordly ire.
For a noble's breast a proud heart hides,
And a soldier's sword he has worn besides,
So, who crosses the path
Of his lordly wrath,
Must surely suffer a vengeance dire !

* * * * *

There's a pleasant inn by Lough Corrib's shore,
In view of the heights where the eagles soar,
On lordly wing,
And the host is Ring ;
And the tourist enters with pleasure his door,
For that inn at Maam has a larder stored
With the choicest viands the place can afford ;
And the trout and salmon, the ducks and chickens,
Deserved the notice of Charles Dickens.
And the grouse from the heather-clad mountains round,
Is as fine in flavour as may be found.
And a right snug spot where to pass the night,
For the beds are good and the sheets are white,
And those insect thugs
That are known as b—gs,
Wont keep you awake with their horrible bite ;
And to better hostel you may not go,
If my Lord Absolute be not your foe.

In a carriage-and-four Lord NAWORTH speeds,
And now and again his guidebook he reads,
As the good steeds whirl him gaily along,
With O'SHAUGHNESSY for his *aide-de-camp*.
And his spirits are light, and his mien is calm,
For he onward spins for the inn of Maam,
For unsuspicious of wrath or foes,
Thither it is that the Viceroy goes !
But a terrible missive has gone before,
And mine host is reading it now at the door,
Reading it over, trembling and pale,
For its dread contents make his stout heart quail ;

But he may not withstand

The dire command,

It comes from the master of house and land.

* * * * *

Ah ! a Viceroy lies on no easy bed,
Though eider down may pillow his head ;
He has worse than the *rugo rosa* to dread.
He may bow at *levee* to court-dressed file,
At *drawing-room* bask in beauty's smile,
At civic feast be an honoured guest,
With garter on knee and star on breast.
He may lay foundations, cut "first sods,"
Be cheered at the play-house by noisy "gods ;"
But at times, as Viceroys surely learn,
He is called to execute duties stern,
And if he fail, or falter instead,
A fearful vengeance may fall on his head !

Now years had passed since the fact I relate,
'Twas when Naworth first came in Viceroy's state,
A crazy fellow had fired a shot
At my Lord Absolute—but hit him not.
And Absolute's lord, who best should know,
Thought a madman wouldn't have acted so.
For he argued thus to himself, no doubt,
"A madman doesn't know what he's about.

But this fellow did, 'tis plain to see,
When he cocked his pistol, and fired at *me.*"
But, however fairly the logic ran—
My Lord Naworth didn't hang the man.

And thenceforth rankled in Absolute's breast
A vengeful spirit that would not rest,
"The silent hate, endurance strong
Of him who treasures up a wrong."
'Tis Byron wrote it, I mark each line
With commas, lest you might think them mine.
But never since did Absolute find
A vengeance suited to noble mind,
A vengeance dire on his foe to bring
Till he penned this awful mandate to Ring.

"Ring, fill your inn with tenants of mine,
Don't leave a spot where a dog could dine ;
Find fellows to occupy every bed—
If you can't get tenants, get beggars instead :
And when Lord Naworth arrives at the place,
Shut the door of your inn in his lordship's face."

Ah ! Bayard is dead,
But the day is not fled
Of chivalry, Absolute lives instead !
What envy need *we* bear to gallant France
For the long-lost Knight of the peerless lance.

Now our Bayard stands forth a laurel winner,
By barring a Viceroy out from his dinner !
Knowing the last of humiliations,
Is the cutting short of foeman's rations !
While the low-bred peasantry, drivers of kine,
Fill the pleasant inn where he meant to dine—
And Absolute's lord has this for balm—
"He got neither dinner nor bed at Maam !"

To my great delight, before we left the Lodge

for the season at the Castle, which begins in January, Lord and Lady Glanville, accompanied by the lovely Angela, came on a visit to Lord Naworth. I had no longer a divided heart, for my explanation with Mary Hennessy showed there was no rival in that quarter. My position in the household of the Viceroy afforded me many opportunities of escorting our charming guest to several places in and around Dublin which are best worth seeing. One of our visits was to St. Patrick's Cathedral, which had been lately restored by the munificence of the merchant prince of whom Ireland may well be proud.

Among the modern monuments in St. Patrick's Cathedral is that of Dr. Whately, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. It is from the chisel of Farrell, and represents the deceased prelate lying on a couch, resting his head on a pillow, with his right hand placed on his breast. The lines composed upon his death by the Dean of Emly, are illustrative of this exquisite monument. In reply to the question, "Why do men lament? what prince or great man has fallen?" comes plaintively the response.

Only an old archbishop, growing whiter
Year after year ; his stature proud and tall,
Palsied and bowed, as by his heavy mitre—
Only an old archbishop—that is all !

Only the hands that held with feeble shiver
The marvellous pen (by other outstretched o'er
The children's heads) are folded now for ever,
In an eternal quiet—nothing more.

The position of the recumbent statue affords the idea that the archbishop is lying in a tranquil slumber—that the hand which used the pen with such vigour, and wrote so much and so well—the busy brain that pondered over so many subjects, is only taking a short repose, and on awakening will resume its work ; but until the great accounting day there is no awaking the sleeper.

Among other memorials of the good and great who have passed away, that of Captain Boyd, Royal Navy, arrested our attention. It is at once a record of his life and noble death. The gallant figure is carved in the finest conception of how his life was lost. I remember the day well on which he met a sailor's death. A fearful storm swept the city of Dublin, and desolated the coast for miles. The ships in the harbour of Kingstown were driven from their moorings, and dashed against each other, and

wrecked. Several vessels, in trying to make the mouth of the harbour, were driven by the fury of the gale on the embankment. When trying to save the lives of the drowning mariners, Captain Boyd lost his own. He commanded the guard-ship then in the harbour, and, with several of his crew, paid a sad price for their noble efforts to save ; standing on the rocks, with a rope wound round his body, he tried to throw the end to the crew of a sinking ship, but the irresistible wave came thundering on, and in its rebound brought poor Captain Boyd, and several of his crew, into the waste of waters, and another wave striking them against the rocks, quickly deprived them of life. The pedestal has some poetry descriptive of the event, concluding with—

The Christ-taught bravery that died to save
The life not lost, but found beneath the wave.

There is a striking bust of the celebrated Irish orator, John Philpot Curran, which is indicative of the fire and passion of genius. It is admirably executed, and gives a far better idea of the dauntless courage of the patriot barrister and intrepid advocate, than I ever could trace in his pictures, whether printed or painted.

The monument to the officers and men of the 18th Royal Irish, who fell in the Chinese war, in 1840 and 1842, with the fragments of the colours in defence of which they "foremost fighting fell," excited painful reflections in the mind of Angela and myself.

"How many aching hearts, how many desolated hearths, how many mourning widows and orphans left to mourn—do not these call to our remembrance," she said as she leant upon my arm.

"Yes, Miss de Glanville," I replied; "but think of the glory they have achieved—the fame they have won."

"Ah," she said, "you look upon a soldier's death upon the battle-field as the fittest close of a gallant life. I think of those who watch and weep in agony, waiting for him who never shall return."

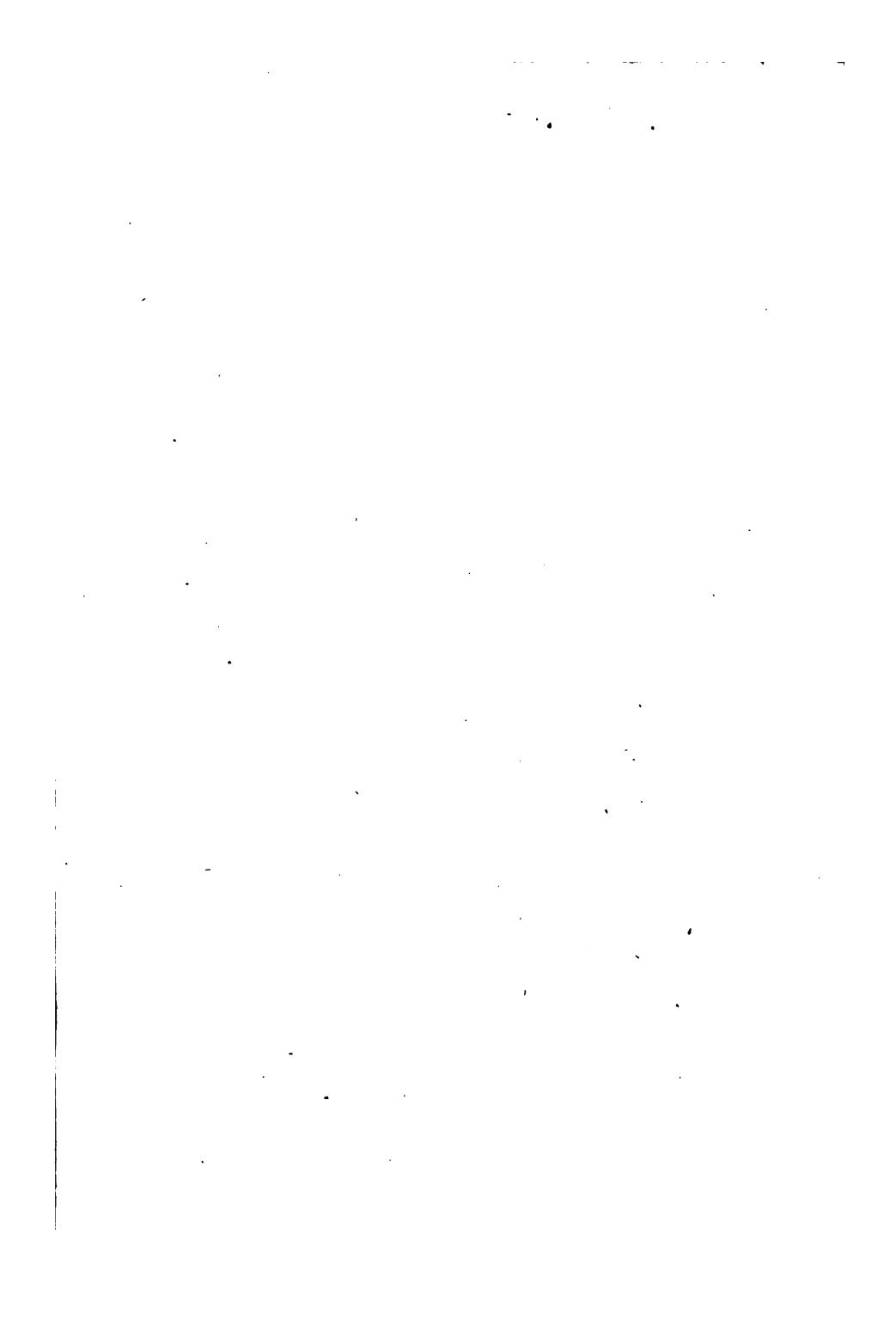
"Would you mourn for me if I fell?" I pressed her hand as I spoke. A gentle look from those clear blue eyes was my reply. She said not a word, but there was eloquence in the look which sent a glad thrill through my heart, and I knew that my love was returned.

The hunting season came on. Lord Naworth

was no sportsman, but the Chief Secretary, Huntsman by name and by nature, fully atoned for any shortcomings of the Viceroy in that respect. Indeed he was so devoted a lover of the Chase, it was supposed, though I know most unfairly, that he trusted the greater part of the business of his office to the Under Secretary, Sir Edward Smartman. The wits even declared that the Irish Executive thus employed themselves:—Naworth did the dancing, Huntsman the hunting, and Smartman the work. That the work was well done there was no doubt, but much of our share consisted of keeping the Dublin people amused, and this Lord Naworth did by his fêtes and balls, which gave some colour to the dancing story. Then the duty of a Chief Secretary before the meeting of Parliament is not very onerous. During the continuation of the Session he has charge of the Irish bills, and must be kept well posted up on all subjects relating to Ireland, from the appointment of a County Lieutenant to the incarceration of a turnipstealer. For Under Secretary there was one of the most indefatigable officials I ever knew in Sir Edward Smartman. His small, compact build,

quick, intelligent features, large and comprehensive mind, made everything easy to him. He was trained in the best school for work, and his general information was, to use Dominie Sampson's favourite word, *Prodigious!* I saw a great deal more of Mr. Huntsman at our meets with the Ward, Kildare, and Kilkenny hounds than elsewhere ; but I can safely say that a better hand on a horse, a better seat on a saddle, a more fearless rider to hounds, than the Chief Secretary, it was never my fortune to see ; and I have always understood, both from those of our people who had business relations with him while he was with us, and also from those who encountered him in debate in the House of Commons, that, for ability and energy, few members have equalled, while none surpassed, Mr. Huntsman.

END OF VOL. I.







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